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FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

HAD not several accidental circumstances established the freedom of the press, it might be difficult, by a retrograde calculation, to fix on that low degree, at which, to the present moment, popular opinion, with a somniferous stability, had rested. Europe had now been more barbarous than in her cloudiest ages; for the press had become an instrument, not to restrain, but to extend; not to undermine, but to prop; not to wrestle with, but to cherish those inhuman prejudices, which were once dignified by the holy titles of religion and politics. A Locke and a Montesquieu had never existed for the world, and at this day we should have admired, like our predecessors, the subtleties of an Aquinas, and the doctrines of a Filmer. Our ideas had been fabricated in an inquisitorial forge, and though they would not have consisted of a variety of forms, they would not have wanted that heat which might have given durability.

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The Romish inquisitors having long examined and deprecated a vast multitude of publications, which the freedom of foreign presses allowed, and their critical occupations, after the revolution of Luther, becoming greater and more important at every hour, they were desirous of assisting those of their numerous adherents, who were fearful of employing their own eyes, and trusting to their own sensations, by preserving them in their antiquated blindness. It was now they invented the scheme of printing catalogues of prohibited books, which they called *EXPURGATORY INDEXES*. Almost every new work augmented these voluminous catalogues; and, perhaps, in some respect, they invited readers to publications which might not otherwise have attracted notice. It is curious to reflect on the use which the two parties made of them; for while the pious catholic crossed himself at every title, and frequently breathed an orison for

the eternal damnation of the authors, the heretics on the contrary would purchase no book which had not been inserted in these indexes. The heretic had certainly a finer taste, and a more lively entertainment in reading, than the pious catholic; for the most animated and the most valuable authors have found their way into these indexes. Nothing then, but orthodox dulness, was exempt from censure. Among the cruel absurdities of that day, is an edict from the French king, to forbid the unfortunate professor Ramus the reading of his own works, and which, so very frequently, is the only real pleasure some writers receive from their labours.

The venerable authors of these indexes long, indeed, had reason to suppose, that a submissive credulity was attached to the human character; and, therefore, they considered the publications of their adversaries as requiring no other answer, than an insertion in their indexes. Literary controversy was threatened to be eternally annihilated, by this concise and commodious mode. They multiplied editions throughout Europe; but the heretics as industriously reprinted them with ample prefaces, and useful annotations. In England, Dr. James, of Oxford, republished an Index with proper animadversions. One of their portions included a list of those heretics whose heads were condemned as well as their works. It is curious to observe, that as these indexes were formed in different countries, the opinions were sometimes diametrically opposite to each other: the examiners in Italy, under the title of the council of Trent, prohibited what those in the Netherlands admitted; and some inquisitors, who complained of the partial conduct of these catalogues, were, in their turn, placed by the confraternity in their indexes; retaliation succeeded retaliation. Even to the present moment such indexes are formed in Spain, Germany, and Italy.

When these insertions were found of no other use than to disperse the

criminal volumes, the ecclesiastical arm was employed in burning them in public places; and, among several instances of authors sent to the flames before their time, Monnoie discovered in one of these sepulchral fires that an edition of Josephus had been burnt; not, says he, because the author was a Jew, but because the translator was a jansenist. These literary conflagrations served the purposes of booksellers; and the publisher of Erasmus's Colloquies intrigued for the burning of the work, on purpose to raise the sale; and he sold 24,000. The curiosity of man is raised by difficulties, and it is with the freedom of the mind as with that herb, which grows better the more it is trodden on.

The fancy of the poet and the veracity of the historian were alike amputated by censors of books; a simile or even an epithet might send the immortal bard to the galleys, and as for the discernment and freedom to be expected in historians, whose genius was first to be closeted with such an examiner, we may form a notion, by quoting the usual expression in the privileges. Nani's History of Venice is allowed to be printed because it contained *nothing against princes*. This mode of approbation shows either that princes were immaculate, or historians were ignorant or false. The history of Guicciardini is still scarred with the merciless wounds of the papistical censor; for Le Clerc informs us, that a curious account of the origin and increase of papal power is wanting in the third and fourth book of his history. Velli's History of France would have been an admirable work, had it not been printed at Paris. A book, in Spain, passes through six courts before it can be published; and in Portugal, it is said, through seven. A book in those countries is supposed to recommend itself to the reader, by the information that it is published with *all* the necessary privileges.

Literary history has been so little perpetuated, either by tradition or by record, that there are but few in-

dividual topics which can be pursued through a regular series of events. Authors have groaned under the leaden arm of licensers of the press, and no doubt many interesting facts have perished, which would have instructed the present generation. The poems of lord Brooke, if they cannot delight, accidentally instruct posterity in the value of freedom of thinking. In this book one is surprised at finding twenty of its first pages deficient. Mr. Malone has discovered that these pages contained a poem on religion, which was cancelled by order of archbishop Laud, who probably considered that religion could not be secure in the hands of any one but an archbishop.

The ignorance and stupidity of these censors became as remarkable as their exterminating spirit. The noble simile of Milton, of Satan with the rising-sun, in the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, had almost occasioned the suppression of that immortal epic: it was supposed to contain treason. The tragedy of *Arminius*, by one Paterson, who was an amanuensis of the poet Thomson, was intended for representation, but the dramatic censor refused a licence: as Edward and Eleanora was not permitted to be performed, being deemed a party work, the sagacious state-critic imagined that Paterson's *own* play was in the same predicament by being in the same hand-writing! The French have retained many curious facts of the singular folly of these censors. Mallebranche said that he could never obtain an approbation for his *Enquiry after Truth*, because it was unintelligible to his censors; and at length Mezeray the historian approved of it as a book of geometry. Latterly in France, when a kingdom, it is said, that the greatest geniuses were obliged to submit their works to persons who had formerly been low dependants on some man of quality, and who brought the same servility of mind to the examination of works of genius. There is something, which, on the principles of incongruity and contrast,

becomes exquisitely ludicrous, in observing the works of such writers as Voltaire, d'Alembert, Marmontel, and Raynal, allowed to be printed, and even commended, by certain persons, who had never printed any thing themselves but their names. One of these gentlemen suppressed a work, because it contained principles of government which appeared to him not conformable to the laws of Moses. Another said to a geometrician, "I cannot permit the publication of your book; you dare to say, that between two given points the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion? If your work appeared, I should make enemies of all those who find, by crooked ways, an easier admittance into court, than by a straight line. Consider their number."

One of these censors erased from a comedy of Beaumarchais the asseveration *ma foi*, and instituted in its place *morbleu*; because, observed the profound critic, religion is less offended by this word than by the other. These appear trifling minutiae; and yet, like a hair in a watch, that utterly destroys its progress, these little rubs obliged writers to have recourse to foreign presses; compelled a Montesquieu to write with a laboured ambiguity of phrase, and Helvetius to sign a retraction of his principles.

At the revolution, ceased, in England, the licences for the press; but its liberty did not commence till 1694, when every restraint was taken off, by the firm and decisive voice of the commons. It was granted, says Hume, 'to the great displeasure of the king and his ministers, who, seeing no where, in any government during present or past ages, any example of such unlimited freedom, doubted much of its salutary effects, and probably thought, that no books or writings would ever so much improve the general understanding of men, as to render it safe to entrust them with an indulgence so easily abused.'

The present moment verifies this conjecture. Such, indeed, is the licentiousness of the English press, that some, not perhaps the most hostile to the cause of freedom, would not be averse to manacle authors once more with an imprimatur. Erasmus was, no doubt, a friend to the freedom of the press, yet he was so shocked at the licentiousness of Luther's pen, that, at one time, he thought it necessary to restrain the liberty of the press. He had indeed been miserably calumniated, and expected future libels. I am glad, however, to observe, that he afterwards, on a more impartial investigation, confessed that such a remedy was much more dangerous than the disease. To restrain the liberty of the press can only be the interest of the individual, never that of the public. It may be honestly urged, that the worst abuse of the press is more tolerable than would be such a violation of liberty.

A virtuous government will consider the freedom of the press as the organ of the people's felicity; for by that organ alone can the voice of truth be generally heard. They will respect the language of the philosopher, and they will leave calumniators to the fate of all calumny; a fate similar to those who, having overcharged their arms, with the fellest intentions, find, that the death they intended for others only, in bursting annihilates themselves.

For the Literary Magazine.

A LITERARY ENTHUSIAST.

THE following interesting details concern a scholar who conceived the design of writing a history of Russia, and whose perseverance in the prosecution of his object was truly extraordinary.

This man, whose name was Sellius, lived at Petersburg about the middle of the last century. With a mind wholly intent on the plan he

had formed, he began to study all the languages which might enable him to seek materials in the most authentic sources. He was indefatigable in his researches, and at length imagined that he had discovered in the convent of St. Alexander Newski, at Petersburg, a valuable collection of manuscripts and other documents relative to the subject. He accordingly sought the acquaintance of the superior, and after some time requested his permission to inspect the archives and the library of the convent. "Foreigners (replied the prelate), and you Germans in particular, make a point of publishing every thing; but our history is so black, and frequently so tragical, that we consider it our duty to throw over it an impenetrable veil. As to the manuscripts of which you speak, I have no knowledge of them; at least I can assure you that they are not in the convent you have mentioned."

This reply, which would have discouraged any other, was on the contrary a fresh spur to Sellius. After several other attempts equally unsuccessful, he conceived the most extraordinary design that the love of letters and the passion for research ever produced. Finding it impossible to penetrate into this convent, which contained the object of his most ardent desires, he again waited on the superior, and declared that he felt himself most powerfully impelled to enter into the bosom of the Greek church; that he wished in consequence to abjure his religion, and to assume the religious habit in the above-mentioned convent. The astonished prelate in vain remonstrated and detailed all the discouraging circumstances to which he would be subjected by the discipline of the order, which is one of the most rigid. Sellius persisted in his resolution; he assumed the habit, and, as it may be supposed, the fathers did not study to render his noviciate easy to him. He supported this severe trial, and as his whole attention seemed to be occupied with fasting and prayer, he at length dis-

pelled the suspicions with which he was regarded, and obtained access to the library and the archives of the convent.

From the magnitude of the sacrifice he had made, some idea may be formed of his disappointment when he found that they did not contain what he sought; but another discovery which he made at the same time somewhat diminished his chagrin. He ascertained that a great quantity of manuscripts had been taken from these archives, and conveyed to several convents in the interior of the empire, the names of which were specified. These he carefully noted down. He then repaired to the superior, and requested his permission to make a pilgrimage, which he said he had been commanded to do by his patron, who appeared to him in a dream. To such a pious undertaking it was impossible to oppose any obstacles; he received the pontifical benediction, assumed the habit of a pilgrim, and set out to visit all the convents in the interior of the empire. Invariably faithful to his plan, every chapel, every miraculous image, received his homage; the reputation of his eminent piety every where preceded him; and whenever he ventured to approach the libraries and the archives of the convents that he visited, it was not without observing the greatest precautions.

For so many sacrifices he often found himself amply compensated; but frequently his expectations were cruelly disappointed. He lost not a moment, he transcribed, compiled, and when it was impossible for him to make extracts, he had the address to prevail on the librarians, mostly ignorant men, to entrust him with the originals, and they even suffered him without hesitation to carry away the most valuable manuscripts. Sellius successively transmitted these precious gleanings to a trusty friend at Moscow, whom he had previously requested to procure for him a private place, were it even a cellar, in which on his arrival he might without fear of surprise enjoy

the fruit of so many painful researches.

On hearing that the whole had arrived in safety, he hastened to Moscow, and shut himself up for six whole weeks in a kind of cellar, because he thought himself secure in no other situation. There engaged night and day in digesting, transcribing, and analysing, he scarcely allowed himself a few hours for repose. When he had, at length, exhausted his manuscripts, he issued from his tomb and returned to his convent, where he intended to begin the great work for which he had been collecting materials; but his health being impaired by the extreme fatigue and labour of the last six weeks in particular, he was totally unable to proceed with it. He soon afterwards fell sick, was obliged to keep his bed, and perceiving that his end was approaching, he wrote to a friend of his at Petersburg, to whom he bequeathed all the papers that should be found in his cell after his death: but when the latter appeared to take possession of this legacy, the superior replied, "Don't you know that a religious has no property, and consequently cannot make any bequest? Besides, your friend has not left any papers."

For the Literary Magazine.

WHAT IS LITERARY GENIUS?

IN an age of rudeness, whatever excellence is produced is immediately ascribed to an occult power; after a lapse of ages men become minuter enquirers and calmer reasoners, and then it is discovered how much art has entered into every great composition; and at length, among artists themselves, it becomes a dubious point, whether *art* is not sufficient to produce *similar effects* to *genius*; or, in other words, whether certain combinations of art form not genius itself.

We still have a few writers who

exult in some mystical power in their faculties ; who hint at the solitude of nature at their birth ; who talk with fluency on the *stellar virtue*, which Boileau has made the first position in the *art* of poetry. Frail females formerly accused their stars as the cause of their incontinence ; and we have idlers who apologize for their defects from no lower influence : a resolute love of virtue would have preserved the female, and a resolute love of labour would have rendered the idler active.

While some reject this occult influence, others utter equal extravagances ; genius has been regulated by the degree of longitude and latitude ; it has been derived from the subtilty of the blood, and even the refinements of cookery ; others suppose that a writer of imagination is incapable of learned research, and that for every particular study a peculiar construction of the intellectual powers becomes necessary ; that the solidity of judgment impedes the vigour of fancy, and that the poet cannot investigate nature with the eye of science.

Genius has been divided and subdivided. There is a genius for oratory, consisting of the art of moving the passions, united with the art of applying our arguments ; a genius for physics and geometry, when occupied in calculating the motions and action of the globes of the universe, and the whole phenomena of nature ; a genius for painting and sculpture, when the pencil and chisel trace on the marble or canvas the actions or the features of a hero ; and the genius for poetry is said to consist in the power which nature imparts by physical sensibility, and a happy conformation of the organs to certain persons, in conceiving boldly, and delivering easily ; in painting what is strongly felt, and it is, in a word, what Horace calls *splendida bilis*, which we are further informed is a *kind of central fire*, which elevates the mind, warms the imagination, which makes one think with force, and describe with liveliness.

But what is gained by all these mystical distinctions, this *splendida bilis* and *central fire* ? Are we always to take words for things ? Do such critics say any thing more, than that genius is genius ? I lament that even Pope extends this system to criticism ; for he says of poets and critics,

Both must alike from heaven derive
their light ;

These *born to judge*, as well as those to
write ;

which is certainly contrary to experience ; *taste*, the characteristic of criticism, is now acknowledged to be obtainable by a constant attachment to the most finished performances of art. And when he adds,

Let such teach others who themselves
excel ;

And censure freely who have written
well,

the maxim is not less erroneous : for the best poets are not always the surest critics, as in the case of Goldsmith and others ; and most of the best critics have not been poets.

With chilling fancies like these have the minds of the most adventurous been rendered pusillanimous ; and grand designs, conceived with ardent felicity, have suddenly expired, because their affrighted parents refused to foster them with industry. In an accomplished genius, Horace, one of the most philosophical of poets, allows that art must be united with nature ; but we have probably ideas of this power of nature different from those of Horace. Since his time, and even at present, some regard genius as nothing short of inspiration, and employ, in these sober disquisitions, the fanciful terms of poetry. We are told, that to attain superiority in any art, we must be *born* with a certain *susceptibility*, or *aptitude* ; we must be *born* a poet, or a painter ; or, as one painter complimented another, by saying, that he was a painter in his mother's womb. A happy genius depends on the influence of the stars,

say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, assert the naturalists; on the favour of Heaven, exclaim the divines. Every one seems willing to do honour to his own profession. But such mystic reveries indulged by the artist, only show that he is interested in exciting the wonder of the ignorant; this is not less injurious to art, than visionary fanaticism to religion.

Dryden traces the whole history of genius in a couplet:

—what in nature's dawn the child
admired,
The youth *endeavour'd* and the man
ACQUIRED.

Yet it is not always *necessary* that this admiration should be felt in childhood, or in youth, since accidental causes have frequently directed the pursuits of genius. Johnson says, "To a particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet, or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read; some early conversation which they heard; or some accident which excited ardour and emulation." Caresses and coercion, also, have *made* many a youth a bright genius; patronage and poverty have *stimulated* men to become illustrious artists.

Metastasio affirmed that *necessity* frequently augmented our powers, and forced us to perform in a better manner, though with more expedition than our mere choice and leisure. Two of his best operas were produced in a short time, being commanded by a particular occasion.

Bernocchi's voice was never *naturally* good, says Burney, and at first was so much disliked, that he was peremptorily told by his friends to quit the profession; but his situation had left him without strength or spirits for any other. By severe study he *acquired* a style and manner, which became the standard of perfection in that art.

Nature had not designed Matherbe for a poet, but he overcame nature

in his struggles, observes Boileau.

In the history of genius we are presented with wider prospects, by the attention of late bestowed on the study of biography. In the history of philosophers and poets we trace the genius of philosophy and poetry; we observe that certain events produce certain consequences, and perceive why men, with equal aptitudes, have not always become men of equal genius. Illustrious characters are rare, owing to the rarity of those coincident events which produce such characters. Man is so influenced by moral causes, that the perfection of his genius is ever proportioned to them. When men of letters reflect on the manner of their own attainments, and on the literary history of others, they discover that the faculties of the mind are not *gifts* of nature, but effects of human causes, or *acquisitions* of art.

Every man of common organization has the power of becoming a man of genius, if to this he add a solitary devotion to his art, and a vehement passion for glory. It is the capacity of long attention, which at present makes one man superior to another. Physical sensibility may vary, and defective organs cannot be supplied by any artificial process; but, in general, nature is more impartial than some of her children allow; and it would be hard to find men, so cruelly neglected by our common mother, as not to be able to excel in some particular department, when, by examining their mental stores, they discover the kind of study for which they are best adapted, and when, having made this important discovery, moral and physical causes are not hostile to their progress. An idiot is more rare than a man of genius.

The man of genius should carefully examine his physical and moral state; for to improve his advantages, and supply his deficiencies, constitute his great business. A defect of a physical kind will greatly incommode him; and the purblind eye of Johnson, which denied any

taste for picturesque beauty, occasioned much erroneous criticism, without, however, diminishing his *acquired* faculties on topics where a good eye was not requisite. Moral defects are innumerable; they contract, or enfeeble, or annihilate genius. Shenstone, who devoted his days to poetry equally with Pope, could never reach his powers. But was not his life a series of discontent and listlessness? without the vigour of hope, or the exhilaration of enjoyment? Pope, on the contrary, was fortunate through life. In other circumstances, Dryden might have proved superior in all things to Pope, and Otway had equalled Shakespeare.

The finest organization will never form one work of genius. The mere natural produce of the most fertile individual will now be only a pitiable indigence; for the opulence of the mind can now only be formed out of acquired knowledge; and the most valuable productions will be those in which the industry of the author has been greatest.

We *learn* to think, by being conversant with the thoughts of others. It is asserted, indeed, that the thoughts of others encumber our own. He, however, who is not familiarized with the finest thoughts of the finest writers, will one day find that *his* best thoughts are *their* indifferent ones. Nature prescribes a certain progression; she expands by a gradual amplification; she makes no leaps. But he who fondly dotes on what he terms his *natural powers*, audaciously imagines, that he can unaided arrive at the point attained by the fraternal labours of the most eminent. To think with thinking men, is to run with agile racers. But as this is not always attended to, we abound with writers who are far removed from an excellence they *could* have *acquired*; as he who, accustomed to run in a solitary course, felicitated himself as being one of the first racers, but received the public derision when he presented himself at the Olympic games.

When meditating on the characters, modes of life, slow formation, and painful vigilance of some great writers, we shall suspect that their conspicuous labours were the gradual acquisitions of *art*. Of these, many acknowledge that they produced nothing valuable till a flame, caught by contact, had lighted up their mind; they resemble certain trees, which, though they could produce no valuable fruit of themselves, are excellent for grafting on.

Among these writers we might place Boileau and Racine; Pope and Gray; Akenside and Armstrong; Montesquieu and Johnson. When Boileau asked Chapelle, a facile, natural writer, for an opinion of his poetry, Chapelle made this sarcastic comparison:—You are a great ox, who, drawing slowly and painfully, make a deep furrow.

There are certain writers, such as Adam Smith, Locke, and Bayle, whose works require analytical and minute investigation. This calmness of intellect rises from constitutional causes; and so far it may be said, that a man is *born* to be a philosopher or poet. The warmth and temperature of the constitution may influence his modes of life, and the arrangement of his ideas.

The natural facility which some writers appear to possess, is no objection to this system. Such authors as Fielding and Goldsmith, Sheridan and Wolcot, are not supposed to have overwhelmed their minds by extraneous studies; and such writers are often even very illiterate. They address themselves to the heart, and not to the head. But still from *industry*, and pertinacity of attention, is their rapidity of combination derived; and not from what marvellous ignorance sometimes regards as inspiration or organization. They have given a strong direction to their minds in the great system of human life; they therefore excel in that point, though they may be, and generally are, deficient in other qualities; for we shall always find that no man can know what he has not learnt, or know that suddenly

which requires habitual attention.

He who imitates the works of nature must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take *great pleasure* in it. Pope declared he could not pursue any subject without *pleasure*; he could not perform the tasks set by his stupid pedagogues.

None but mad bards dream of inspiration. Metastasio laughs at all poetic inspiration, and made a poem as mechanically as others make a watch. When Du Fresnoy exclaims, in the ordinary language, of

That majesty, that grace so rarely
given
To mortal man, *not taught by art—but
heaven!*

Reynolds comments thus: "This excellence, however expressed, whether by genius, taste, or the gift of heaven, *I am confident may be acquired.*"

And indeed, if we attend to the precious observations of those who have excelled, we hear no romance of original powers, no inspirations from nature, no divine impulse that creates a world at a word. The painter finds it long before the pencil accomplishes those beauties which he has long meditated, and the poet consumes many a year in verse before a great poem is attempted.

Reynolds painted many hours every day for thirty years together; Goldsmith composed his poems by slow and laborious efforts, and they are the finished productions of several years. Churchill, though a versifier at fifteen, was not known as a poet till after thirty. Sterne read at least as much as he thought, and was unknown till a late period of life. Young, in his epistle to Tickle, alluding to the Spectator, says,

A chance amusement polish'd half an age.

But it has been since discovered, that Addison had previously collected materials to the amount of *three*

folio volumes! The work of Montesquieu was the beloved occupation of twenty years; the wit of Butler was not extemporaneous, but painfully elaborated from notes which he incessantly accumulated. Rawley, the confidential friend of Bacon, records, that he had twelve copies of his *Instauration* every year incessantly revised and augmented, till at length it became, as he terms it, *a pyramid of learning*. Gesner, the poet of nature, wrote with great labour and severe revisals, yet all his pieces have the air of unpremeditated composition. The familiar verses of Berni, the burlesque poet, were produced by incessant retouches. And the Emilius of Rousseau was the fruit, the author tells us, of twenty years meditation, and of three years composition.

Among the advocates of our system we rank the first geniuses of this age. Johnson, Helvetius, and Reynolds, Quintilian and Locke ascribe to men an equal mental capacity; Pascal says, what is called nature, is only our first habit; and Buffon affirmed that greater *genius* is only greater *patience*. *Invention* itself depends on patience; contemplate your subject long, says he, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation.

In the discourses of Reynolds, this principle is laid down as the foundation of all excellence in art. "Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature and essence of *genius*, I will venture to assert, that *assiduity*, unabated by difficulty, and a *disposition* eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of *natural powers*." Johnson has touched on this topic in his Rambler, and, in the person of Imlach, we are instructed, that when he *resolved to make himself a poet*, "he saw every thing with a new purpose."

Rousseau is the adversary of this system, though his own example confirms it; he adopts the popular

notion that the character of men's minds merely depends on their respective organization. Rousseau, it is well known, contradicts himself throughout his works; and on no subject so much as on the present. Helvetius has collected his contradictions; the surest and the most modest mode of confuting a writer. He discloses the source of the errors of Rousseau. He says, "The contradictions of this writer are not to be wondered at. His *observations* are almost always *just*, and his *principles* almost always *false* and *trite*. Hence his errors."

Rousseau tell us, he was acquainted with a servant who, having frequently observed his master paint, felt a furious passion to become a painter. He passed three years, nailed to his chair, in painting; and nothing but *attendance on his master* could take him away from it. At length, favoured by his master, and assisted by the instructions of an artist, he quitted his livery, and lived by his pencil. Till a certain point, perseverance suffices in lieu of genius; he has reached this point, and will never pass it. The constancy and emulation of this honest man are laudable; but he will never paint but for sign-posts.

Now here is a young man, who has already attained a certain age, in the daily service of his master, and who, without preparatory instructions, or various models, feels the eager disposition, and the necessary assiduity. But both the disposition and the assiduity are very imperfect. An artist, incessantly engaged in domestic business, must be classed among those whose moral situation enfeebles and almost annihilates genius. This young man, had he known no other service but his art, and no other master but a Reynolds, with his disposition and assiduity, might have become an artist. All this proves the difficulty of becoming a man of genius, unless befriended by external circumstances; and that no footman has any chance of becoming a great artist.

In the rude periods of society, when a writer has few predecessors, he will pour forth his *virgin fancies*. He must then meditate on great original nature; the impressions must be vivid, though rude, and the combinations new and wild. Some, whose physical sensibility, improved by imperceptible habit, may receive more lively sensations than others, will display a facility and celerity of conception apparently supernatural to the vulgar and the ignorant. In the latter class even the highest minds must then be ranked; and it is not improbable that the artist himself is not less persuaded than his admirers, that he is agitated by a certain impulse, and that his performances could not be produced by human means. *Est Deus in nobis*, exclaims the self-wondering Ovid, at a later period indeed, but when true philosophy had made but little progress. Hence the origin of that fanciful interposition of nature in the case of men of genius; and it is then that poets are regarded as prophets, and sages as magicians.

The monkish ages blended many of the absurdities of polytheism with their own peculiar ones; and it was then, Erasmus informs us, that the adage was formed, worthy of monkish taste and credulity; *poeta nascitur, non fit*; which Ben Jonson contradicts, by affirming that a poet may be *made*, as well as *born*. Goldsmith says of Nero, he was desirous of becoming a poet, but unwilling to undergo the pains of study, which a proficiency in that art requires; he was desirous of being a *poet ready made*. Goldsmith was a judge by experience; his poems are really *made*, but were not readily *made*; taken up at different times, and pursued through long intervals; the poetry of a philosophical age, the union of *reason* and *taste*; but *inspiration* never, certainly, entered into his thoughts.

A great revolution appears in the world of taste; the flame of investigation rises gradually in the most

secret retirements of nature. She comes, in all her simplicity, and all her solitary majesty, unaccompanied by the adventitious splendours of fancy, the grotesque chimeras of astonishment, and the terrific forms of superstition. When we understand nature, what becomes of apparitions, of witchery, of prophecy, and the inspiration of genius ?

Genius may now be divided into an enthusiasm caught from nature, and an enthusiasm received from art.

The enthusiasm from nature is distinguished by its facility, celerity, and vividness ; sufficient to form an ardent effusion in the early periods of society. Such are the relics of all ancient poetry. But as the sphere of poetical invention must then be very circumscribed, there is, in such compositions, a recurrence of the same objects and ideas. Man creates by *imitation* ; but he creates little in the infancy of society, because he has scarcely any thing to imitate. When we examine the effusions of the bards, the wild poetry of the Indians, and even Ossian, who received many modern embellishments, we perceive that paucity of ideas natural at this period of society.

A diversity of genius becomes more distinguishable as taste becomes more exquisite. One kind is peculiar to this age ; the genius of several can now be made to produce an original one. A student, to borrow an expression from chemistry, amalgamates the characteristics of preceding masters. The history of the orders in architecture is the history of genius. We have first the rude Tuscan, then the chaste Doric, the elegant Ionic, the light Corinthian ; till at length appears the Composite, uniting these varieties.

Models are now proposed by critics, for art is now suspended on a point ; if by our dexterity we preserve not the equilibrium, if we pass or decline from the point, we slide into barbarism. In vain some daring spirits scorn the mandates of taste ;

time is the avenger of neglected criticism.

At this period some, enamoured of the illusive idea of *original powers*, pretend to draw merely from the fountains of nature. Uneducated artists occasionally appear among the lower occupations of life, who are immediately received as original geniuses. But it is at length perceived, that the genuine requisites of poetry, at this period of refinement, are not only beyond their reach, but often beyond their comprehension. These *inspired* geniuses have never survived the transient season of popular wonder, and generally derive their mediocrity from the facility of consulting the finished compositions of true genius. I know of no exception to this observation.

Nor must we conceive that that vein of imitation, which runs through the works of great artists, is a mechanical process. By an intense study of preceding masters, they are taught the enchantments of art ; marvellous and exquisite strokes which only glimmer in nature. A fine copy of nature affects their organs more than a real scene. On examination, it will be found, that the most capital productions of our first artists are really composed in this manner. Raphael borrowed as freely from other painters as Milton from other poets.

It may now be inquired, that, since we acknowledge there are causes which may disable a genuine student from *acquiring genius*, what is gained by this new system ? We reply, a useful knowledge of truth, and a contempt for that popular prejudice, which ever echoes the pernicious notion, that an *artist* must be *born* with a *peculiar genius* or intellectual construction.

An ardent youth is soon dismayed at the first difficulties of art, because he easily imagines that a maxim which has been so long received as incontestable is therefore incontrovertible. I believe that the success of an artist oftener depends on *good luck* than on *organization*.

Aristotle has said, that to become eminent in any profession three things are requisite; nature, study, and practice. How often does it become necessary to erase the word *nature*, and supply its place by *good fortune*! We often lose much when we inform a young artist, that he must have been *born* a poet, or a painter; since it is impossible to decide whether he is born such unless he practises the arts; and it is certain that no excellence in art can be acquired without long and unwearied industry. Artists who have evinced nothing of this *birthright* in their early attempts, have sometimes concluded by being great artists. Industry, whether it consist in an incessant exercise of the faculties, by meditating on the labours of others, or in observations on what passes around us, is the surest path of fame; but such intervening obstacles as may oppose our progress are in the power, not of philosophy, but of fortune.

For the Literary Magazine.

MILITARY CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

BY those who are so much prejudiced against Bonaparte as to deny him talents, because he is without virtue, the success of his last campaign in Italy has been ascribed merely to an oversight of his opponent; for they say, that had not general Melas too much despised his strength, and even disbelieved his having entered Italy at the time he did, he would have opposed him much earlier, and prevented his centering his forces so as to meet the Austrians on the fatal day of Marengo; but they who talk thus allow him to have performed things incredible; that he assembled, and brought over the Alps, an army which it was thought could have hardly been formed; they allow him to have exceeded all that could be supposed of him, even by those who

were able to estimate his talents. The honour of the battle of Marengo has been also wrested from him, and attributed wholly to Dessaix; but even supposing Bonaparte to have committed a fault by suffering Dessaix's division to have been so far behind, a circumstance he could not avoid, as the Austrians attacked him so early; yet is it not the highest proof of talents to retrieve an error, once committed, and to take advantage of the errors committed by others? which was the case when Bonaparte availed himself of Melas's mistake, in extending his wings, and thus weakening his main force. The fact is not less singular than true, that the Austrians would not believe that he was in Italy; they said, that some fellow resembling him had taken his name and collected together a parcel of brigands; but that it was impossible he could have passed the Alps with an army, when he was only a few days before in France; and even Melas himself, in an intercepted letter written to his mistress at Pavia, observes, "They say, in Lombardy, that a French army has entered Italy; but don't be afraid; and on no account leave Pavia." In twelve hours after, the French were in that very city.

For the Literary Magazine.

CONSUMPTION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, WITH CAUTIONS RESPECTING IT.

THE ravages committed by consumption have been of late displayed to the public eye in the most alarming colours; yet the picture is not overcharged, and there is even reason to suspect that the evil is daily increasing: for the disease is perpetually invading new families, while it is never found to cease in the old ones, unless by rendering them extinct. This inference is deducible from the work of Dr. Herberden, on the increase and decline

of diseases; since he found, by taking the average of periods of ten years in the beginning, middle, and end of the last century, that the number of deaths from consumption increased in a regular and rapid progression. Medical experience in America teaches the same melancholy lesson.

The lessons of wisdom on this point, which every parent should learn, are these.

1. If either side have been consumptive, use the earliest precautions, and do not relax, under peril of attending your daughter in her shroud, instead of her wedding garments.

2. Should she escape, see if she owe not her preservation to some other standing disorder.

3. Your son's chance will be better, by how much he is more robust, and the less he is exposed to hardships without the most gradual seasoning.

4. Though consumption have not been on either side, the chance, without an anti-phthisical regimen, is still bad. Two or three colds upon colds in winter, or a cutting blast in spring will do the business; and in the mean time, there shall be wretched health almost to a certainty.

5. Set not your heart upon accomplishments, elegant or literary. Book-learning should be the least concern of the delicately constituted. Living instruction turns out its pupils not only stouter but abler.

6. When a son or daughter droops between fourteen and thirty-four, suspect that a secret enemy is sapping the lungs.

7. When those, who *must* be ignorant of the essential difference between a common cold and consumption, boast of their cures, hear but heed them not. Ask this question of your common sense—*what experience can instruct such pretenders?*

8. A little cough may be the sign of a great disease. Beware then how you play the doctor's part. Would you consent to be turned

blindfold into an apothecary's shop, and give your child the first drug you may lay your hands on?

9. It is wise to check a bad cold the first week; but much wiser the first four and twenty hours.

10. After the small-pox, whooping-cough, scarlet-fever, and measles, watch your young convalescent close. If he bark but once, fear lest there be a murderer within.

11. Though dislodged, expect him again; he now knows the way.

12. You think perhaps a single course of medicine *ought* to be effectual, and that once cured is cured for good. But nature, be assured, will not be regulated by your fantasies; you have probably been acting in defiance of her for years, and then you may think yourself happy to compound with her on her own terms.

13. The less consumptive any one is rendered in the rearing, the greater chance of recovery if he becomes so.

14. When consumption is hanging about a girl, the distance between the marriage bed and the grave is usually short with her. The husband, if he do not become a widower soon after the birth of the first child, may reckon upon a perpetually ailing wife.

For the Literary Magazine.

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.

ON the eighth day, the child is carried to the church to receive its name; the name of the saint that day in the kalendar should, according to the rules of the church, be given to the child, and such, for the most part, is the practice; though sometimes, in compliance with families desirous of keeping up their name, the priest gives another. The church does not teach that the infant is put under the protection of his name-sake saint, yet it is the notion of the common people.

The number of sponsors is not li-

mitted, and they uniformly practise the *trine* immersion to denote the mystery of Christ's three days burial. By the infant's being thrice lifted out of the water, the resurrection on the third day is signified. The baptism is followed by the chrism, or sacred unction; and the priest, at the request of the parents, usually hangs a little cross of gold or silver round the infant's neck, which some, especially of the lower class, hold in great veneration.

For the Literary Magazine.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

AS soon as the liturgy is ended, the priest, standing within the sanctuary, the couple to be married stand before the holy door, the man on the right, the woman on the left; their two rings are placed on the right hand side of the holy table, near each other: then the priest signs the couple on the head thrice, gives them lighted tapers, and incenses them cross-wise. After the benediction prayers, the priest gives one ring to the man, and the other to the woman, and saith to the man: 'The servant of God is betrothed to the handmaid of God, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now and for ever, even unto ages of ages, amen. And to the woman: The handmaid of God is betrothed to the servant of God, &c, &c. Having said this to each of them thrice, he signs them on the forehead with the rings, and then puts them on the forefinger of the right hand of each; then follows the second ceremony, which is properly the marriage, and is called the office of matrimonial coronation. This is done in token of the triumph of continence. Formerly these crowns were garlands of flowers; but now they have in all churches crowns of silver, or other metals, kept for that purpose. These crowns are held by some of the assistants over their heads, while the priest takes them

by the hand, and turns them about in a circle three times, while he repeats the troparions. The third ceremony is that of dissolving the crowns on the eighth day; after which the bride is conducted to the bridegroom's house, immediately to enter on the care of his family.

For the Literary Magazine.

LES POESIES LEGERES.

THE *poesies legeres* are not, as their title would appear to import, merely compositions of a light and gay turn, but are equally employed as a vehicle for tender and pathetic sentiments. They are never long, for they are consecrated to the amusement and delight of society. Their subjects are innumerable; but is required, that since the author is allowed to sport in small extent, and on a variety of topics, that the indescribable power of originality give a value to the little production. The author should appear to have composed them for his pleasure, not for his glory; and he should charm his readers, while he seems careless of their approbation.

The versification cannot be too refined, melodious, and glowing; it should display all the graces of poetry. Every delicacy of sentiment must find a corresponding delicacy of style, and every tenderness of thought must be softened by the tenderest tones. Nothing trite or trivial, either in the expression or the thought, must unfeeble and chill the imagination; nor must the ear be denied its gratification by a rough or careless verse. In these works nothing is pardoned; a word may disturb, a line may destroy the charm.

The passions of the poet may form the subjects of his verse. In these writings he delineates himself; he deposits here his tastes, his desires, his humours, his amours, and even his defects. In other poems the poet disappears under a feigned

character ; here alone he speaks, here he acts. He makes a confident of the reader, interests him in his hopes and in his sorrows ; we admire the poet, and conclude with esteeming the man. In these effusions the lover may not unsuccessfully urge his complaints. They may form a compliment for a patron, or a congratulation for an artist ; a vow of friendship, or a hymn of gratitude.

These poems have often with great success displayed pictures of manners ; domestic descriptions are ever pleasing, and it is here that the poet colours his scenes with all the hues of life and the variations of nature. Reflections must, however, be artfully interwoven in a compressed and rapid manner. Moral instruction must not be amplified ; these are pieces devoted to the fancy ; and while reflection is indulged, the imagination feels itself defrauded ; a scene may be painted throughout the poem ; a sentiment must be conveyed in a verse.

In the Grongar-Hill of Dyer we discover some strokes which may serve to exemplify this criticism. The poet, contemplating the distant landscape observes,

A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little, distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass.

Moral reflections, which are usually obvious and tedious, if thus rapidly struck off contrast with great beauty the lighter and more airy parts.

It must not be supposed that because these productions are concise they have, therefore, the more facility ; we must not consider the genius of a poet diminutive because his pieces are so ; nor must we call them, as a fine sonnet has been called, a laborious trifle. A circle may be very small, and yet as beautiful and mathematically perfect as a larger one. To such compositions we may apply the observation of an ancient critic, that though a little

thing gives perfection, yet perfection is not a little thing.

The poet, to succeed in these hazardous undertakings, must be an amiable voluptuary ; alike polished by an intercourse with the world as by the studies of taste ; to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature. Genius will not be sufficient to impart that grace of amenity, which seems peculiar to those who are accustomed to elegant society. Many of the French nobility who cultivated poetry have, therefore, oftener excelled in these poetical amusements than more professed poets. France once delighted in the amiable and ennobled names of Nivernois, Boufflers, and St. Aignan ; they have not been considered as unworthy rivals of Chaulieu and Bernard, of Voltaire and Gresset. But these productions are more the effusions of taste than genius ; and it is not sufficient that the poet is inspired by the muse, but he must also suffer his concise page to be polished by the hand of the graces.

All the minor odes of Horace and all Anacreon are compositions of this kind ; effusions of the heart or pictures of the fancy, produced in the convivial, the amatory, and the pensive hour. The English nation has not always been successful in these performances ; they have not been kindred to it's genius. With Charles II, something of a gayer and more airy taste was communicated to poetry ; but it was desultory, incorrect, and wild. Waller, both by his habits and his genius, was well adapted to excel in this lighter poetry ; and he has often attained the perfection which the state of the language then permitted. Prior has a variety of sallies ; but his humour is sometimes gross, and his versification is sometimes embarrassed. He knew the value of these charming pieces ; and he had drank of this burgundy in the vineyard itself. He has some translations and some plagiarisms ; but some of his verses to Chloe are eminently airy and pleasing. A di-

ligent selection from our fugitive poetry, might perhaps present us with many of these minor poems; but the *Vers de Société* form a species of poetical composition which may still be employed with great success.

For the Literary Magazine.

MANILLA LITERATURE.

DR. ANDERSON, of Madras, has published in the Madras Gazette the following letter, which he had lately received from Manilla, announcing the formation of a literary society in that city:

"There is lately instituted here, under the immediate protection of government, a literary society, to which they have done me the honour to appoint me secretary. The intention of this society is to produce a journal every month, treating of the different branches of useful sciences of the Phillipine Islands, in order to encourage industry. Each will begin with a historical extract of these islands since the commencement of their establishment by the Spaniards, drawn from the most approved authors on this subject, deprived of all superstition in the ancient relations. After that they will speak of the three kingdoms, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. Agriculture will occupy a great space; and commerce and industry will furnish the journal with something upon navigation. A few sheets will be reserved for the remarkable events of every description which may have occurred, with observations on their different accidents. This is nearly the plan, which you will be able to judge more of by the prospectus, which I shall have the honour of sending to you by the first opportunity, but it is at present in the press, and will not appear before the end of the month. The society, wishing to acquire all the information and light which can tend to render their work

more useful, and at the same time enter into a correspondence with the other different societies who are occupied by the same views, have requested me, and in particular the president, Don Domingo Goyeno, to inform the society at Madras of their intentions by this opportunity, until they can do it more formally by sending the prospectus of their journal. Not knowing any of the other members of this society excepting you, sir, I take the liberty to request you will engage the learned members of your assembly in favour of this infant society,—*Friends of Luconia*,—and engage them to admit with benevolence the request to enter into correspondence, and make known to this infant in the cradle their lights, their works, and, in fine, to assist it with their succour, that it may one day be enabled to tread in the steps of its masters. I cannot help being extremely flattered, sir, by a commission which brings to my recollection a person of your merit, and which will often give me the opportunity to assure you of the sentiments of respect and high consideration with which

I have the honour to be, &c.

Manilla, J. M. DAYOT.
10th Feb. 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

REPRODUCTION OF BUDS.

EVERY tree, in the ordinary course of its growth, generates each season those buds which expand in the succeeding spring, and the buds thus generated contain, in many instances, the whole leaves which appear in the following summer. But if these buds be destroyed in the winter, or early part of the spring, other buds, in many kinds of trees, are generated, which in every respect perform the office of those which previously existed, except that they never afford fruit or blossoms. Buds spring neither from the medulla nor the bark, but are gene-

rated by central vessels, which spring from the lateral orifices of the albumous tubes. The practicability of propagating some plants from their leaves may seem to stand in opposition to this; but the central vessel is always a component part of the leaf, and from it the bud and young plant probably originate. Few seeds contain less than three buds, one of which only, unless prevented by accident, germinates. Some seeds contain a much greater number. The seed of the peach appears to be provided with ten or twelve leaves, each of which probably covers the rudiment of a bud, and the seeds, like the buds of the horse-chesnut, contain all the leaves, and apparently all the buds, of the succeeding year.

Annual and biennial plants do not appear to possess the power given to perennial plants of reproducing their buds. Some biennials possess a singular resource when all their buds have been destroyed. A turnip, says an accurate observer, from which I had cut off the greater part of the fruit-stalks, and of which all the buds had been destroyed, remained some weeks in an apparently dormant state; after which the first seed in each pod germinated, and, bursting the seed-vessel, seemed to execute the office of a bud and leaves to the parent plant, during the short remaining term of its existence, when its preternatural foliage perished with it.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FREDERICK SCHILLER, THE GERMAN DRAMATIST.

SCHILLER was born on the 10th November, 1759, at Marbach, in Wirtemberg, where his father was a lieutenant in the service of the duke. He was afterwards a major, and was appointed commandant at *The Solitude*, and inspector of the schools of agriculture, which was

his favourite science, and his uncommon knowledge of which he has proved by several works. He was a man of an enlightened understanding. The poet's mother was equally distinguished for the qualities of the heart and mind. Schiller had a brother well known for several excellent translations from the English, particularly Robertson's of Charles V, and the History of America. He is now a partner of Schwan and Gotz, booksellers in Mannheim. A sister of Schiller is married to counsellor Reinwald, of Meiningen, an illustrious member of the republic of letters.

While a boy, Schiller was distinguished by uncommon ardour of imagination; and nothing afforded him such delight as the prophecies of Ezekiel. The fancy of this poet is inexhaustible; and he lays open new worlds to our view. The reader will undoubtedly recollect that passage in which he represents himself standing among the tombs on the mouldering bones of the dead; the tombs open; the mouldering bones issue forth; a new creation appears. Between this passage and Moor's Dream there are striking resemblances.

His parents conceived that they could not provide better for his temporal welfare, than by confiding the formation of his mind to an institution, whose regulations have often been applauded. This was the school at Stutgard, called Charles's Academy, where the whole plan of instruction was formed on the principles of military tactics. The *revue* wakened the pupils, who then proceeded *en parade* to worship God; *en parade* they marched to and from their places of instruction, to dinner, to play, and, it is even asserted, to bed. Here existed only one virtue: subordination; but one crime: free-will, independence. It is easy to conceive the irksomeness of such trammels to an ardent mind.

Schiller was originally destined for a surgeon, and prosecuted that study with great zeal. He was particularly attached to anatomy and

physiology. Had he been able to indulge his inclination, Germany would perhaps have had to boast a second Haller; but fate destined him for a poet.

Schiller could not so patiently submit to rule as to become a favourite with the inspectors of the college; they and the whole system soon became objects of his sincere aversion, which was greatly encreased when history opened to his view a world very different from that which he beheld around him. With what delight did he live among the heroes whom Greece and Rome produced! These were the characters he emulated, and to such men he fancied himself allied. Brutus, in particular, was his hero; and nothing, in his opinion, surpassed the greatness of that Roman. But his "*Brutus in Elysium*," a piece which he composed at that period, conveys the best idea of the sentiments he then cherished.

With these ideas he could not but feel that the institution in which he was placed was a scene to which he was not adapted, and accordingly he ardently sought another that was more congenial. In the course of his reading he chanced to light upon Shakespeare. He now, for the first time, tasted pleasure, and clearly perceived his future destiny, which, with transport, he communicated to his most intimate friend. Zumsteeg, the celebrated musician, whose last composition was "*Joanna's Farewel*," was his intimate and confidant. With him Schiller had concluded a friendship in life and death, ardent and glowing as that which the Letters from Julius to Raphael display, bold as that which Carlos desires.

His situation now became insupportable. He never tasted happiness when absent from his friend, except the few moments of his solitude, which always flew too swiftly away; for images and ideas crowded like a rising world upon his soul, and he was at length unable to resist the mighty impulse to delineate what lived, what glowed with such ardour within his bosom. He pro-

duced his "*Robbers*," in which his soul, panting for liberty, gives full scope to the sentiments with which it was impressed.

What delight would not an enlightened teacher have experienced to see such a production from a pupil who had not yet completed his twentieth year! What hopes would he not have formed! What exertions would he not have made to render him an ornament to his country! Very different were the sentiments of the inspectors of the academy. Would they have it said that a youth had left their institution tainted with the most dangerous of all vices, a proud, independent, and ambitious mind? who was the author of a performance by which all kind of subordination was trampled under foot? a youth who, dissatisfied with lawful government, might, for what they knew, be hatching the most terrible plots? It was resolved no longer to nourish the serpent in their bosom; for who could know whether the ardent mind that glowed within the boy might not some time be unfolded into another Charles Moor; and, if the flame were communicated to others, who could foresee what consequences might result?

Persons in high stations are said to have taken considerable interest in this business, for there was a passage in the *Robbers* but too suspicious. "This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister, whom I threw down at the feet of his sovereign in the chace. By adulation he had raised himself from the lowest rank to be the favourite of the prince: the fall of his neighbour was the means of his greatness, and the tears of orphans assisted his elevation. This diamond I took from another of the crew, who sold honours and offices to the highest bidder, and pushed from his door the dejected patriot."

Schiller lived in the same country where Schubart languished for eight years of horror in the fortress of Hohenasperg. Schiller, therefore, did not think it safe to wait the de-

cision of his fate, especially as he had inserted an obnoxious poem on tyranny in Schubart's Chronicle : he fled.

The wanderer found, at Mannheim, patrons and friends. He at first had recourse for subsistence to his surgical skill. He was appointed surgeon to a regiment, where he remained till his friends Dalberg and Klein opened for him a more suitable career. They procured him the post of dramatist to the theatre of Mannheim ; a theatre at that time one of the most brilliant, and had in its service an Iffland, a Bock, a Beil, and a Caroline Beck. The fruits of this appointment are "The Conspiracy of Fiesko," and "Intrigue and Love." The "Rhenish Thalia" likewise deserves to be mentioned.

In advertising the last piece in the German Museum of 1784, the author says, "At an early period I lost my country, and exchanged it for the wide world, with which I was acquainted only from distant observation. A singular caprice of nature had, in my native place, destined me for a poet. A love of poetry was a violation of the laws of the institution in which I was educated, and in direct opposition to the plan of its founder. Eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline ; but a passion for poetry is ardent and powerful as the first love. The means employed to stifle it only encreased the flame. To escape from objects which filled me with torment, my heart indulged in the contemplation of an ideal world, but, unacquainted with that which actually exists, from which I was separated by bars of iron ; unacquainted with mankind, for the four hundred who surrounded me were but a single being, true casts from one and the same model, which plastic Nature had solemnly renounced ; unacquainted with the passions of independent beings, at liberty to follow their own inclinations ; for there only one arrived at maturity, one, which I will not name

here ; all the other energies of the will were paralysed, while one of them was strained to the utmost ; every peculiarity, every extravagance of playful nature was drowned in the muddy pool of rigid order. A stranger to the fair sex, for the doors of this institution are opened only to females before they begin to be interesting, or when they have ceased to be so ; a stranger to man and to human life, my pencil could not fail to miss the intermediate line between angels and devils, and to produce a monster, which fortunately did not exist in the world, and to which I wish immortality for no other reason than to perpetuate the memory of a birth proceeding from the unnatural commerce of Genius and Subordination : I allude to "The Robbers." This piece has appeared. The whole moral world has charged the author with treason. His only defence is the climate under which it was born. Among the censures of the Robbers, one at least is just, that I have presumed to delineate mankind two years before I had any intercourse with them."

The Robbers produced either enthusiasm or horror. Those whose discernment led them to take a middle course were but few. Powerful exertions were made to suppress this play, when a number of lads at Leipzig were induced by it to run away, as they thought, from the rod, instead of which they only hastened to meet it. Their plan was, to collect a band of robbers in the forests of Bohemia ; but they did not proceed far, for they had scarcely stolen a prayer-book and a pistol, when they fell into the hands of justice, which flogged out of them this violent inclination to lie in ambush for poor travellers, and to lighten them of their purses. Circumstances of this nature contributed not a little to Schiller's early reputation. His later productions more and more displayed his talents ; and even his smaller poems in the Anthology, which he published jointly with Staudlin, evinced a poet such as

Germany scarcely rivalled, so that his reputation was very soon established.

Schiller now wished to see something more of the world. His genius inspired him with confidence in himself, and his fame gave him reason to hope that he should every where meet with friends. He left Mannheim. At Mentz he had the good fortune to become acquainted with that illustrious patron of science, the duke of Weimar, to whom he read the first act of his *Don Carlos*. Soon after this interview he visited Saxony, where Dresden captivated him by its charming situation, its treasures of art, its rich library, and the many men of genius whom he found there. Schiller now plunged into life; but it must not be imagined that he resigned himself wholly to society. For weeks and months he was buried among his books, which he scarcely quitted for a moment; he then rested for a time, but appeared only to have desisted from his labours. With great geniuses it is well known that these pauses are only moments in which they collect their energies, in order to apply themselves with increased ardour to their darling pursuits. Such was the case with Schiller. At such times he wandered through the country, where the grandeur of nature re-animated his genius, and his heart throbbed with new force and life in solitude. One of his favourite amusements was to make excursions in a boat on the beautiful river, especially during storms, when the stream rose in foaming billows, and all the elements appeared in conflict. The harsher the thunder, the greater was his delight.

Winter deprived him of these pleasures, and restored him to social life. His heart was formed for friendship; he was communicative, and was one of the few who, without fear of lowering himself in the estimation of his friends, durst open to them his whole heart. Let him, then, loudly rejoice over the flowing bowl, in the circle of friendship! how easy is it for such a man, at

such a time, to transgress the bounds of discretion! Let him indulge in the intoxication of pleasure, while midnight passes unnoticed away: can he for this reason be considered as a common debauchee? Or is pleasure likely to debase him?

His *Don Carlos*, which he continued during his residence at Dresden, was soon neglected. He began to read every thing that related to Philip the Second of Spain; the library of Dresden afforded him abundant materials; and he became imperceptibly so deeply interested, that he neglected poetry for a time, and devoted his whole thoughts to history. To this change we are indebted for his "*Revolt of the Netherlands from the Spanish Government* *." The preceding historians of Germany had been less attentive to the true spirit of history than to the dull letter of chronicles: he united German industry with the elegance of the ancients.

At Gohlis, near Leipzig, a charming village, where he passed a summer with Mr. Goschen, he completed his *Don Carlos*. Jinger, a writer whose premature decease comedy still deplores, resided during the same summer at Gohlis, and they contracted a mutual friendship for each other; and probably the lively company of the comic, had no small influence over our tragic poet, whose character was at that time distinguished by uncommon vivacity.

His delays in writing *Don Carlos* had a peculiar effect on that performance. Neither *Carlos* nor *Posa* were exactly what the author at first intended they should be. *Don Carlos* was lowered in the estimation of the poet, and the marquis, who was to have been a model of friendship, became a character perfectly ideal. On this subject, he himself tells us, "It is possible that in the first acts I may have excited expectations not fulfilled in the last. St.

* Has this work ever been made English?—EDITOR.

Real's novel, and perhaps my own expressions, may have exhibited the matter to the reader in an improper light. During the time I was engaged upon it, which, on account of many interruptions, was long, many things in my own mind were changed. My work was necessarily influenced by the alterations which in this period took place in my opinions and sentiments. What had at first appeared particularly captivating, afterwards produced a much weaker effect, and in the end scarcely any. New ideas, which meanwhile arose within me, supplanted former ones; Carlos himself had sunk in my estimation, perhaps on no other account but because I so far surpassed him in years; and for a contrary reason the marquis Posa had stepped into his place. In consequence of this I brought with me into the fourth and fifth act a very different heart. But the three first acts were before the public; the plot of the whole could not be altered: I had no other alternative but to suppress the piece entirely, or to adapt the second part to the first as well as I could. The principal defect was, that I had it too long in hand; a dramatic work ought to be the blossom of a single summer. The plan, likewise, was too extensive for the limits and rules of dramatic composition. This plan, for example, required that Posa should continue to possess the unlimited confidence of Philip; but to produce this extraordinary effect, the arrangement of the piece allowed me but a single scene."

From Leipzig Schiller removed to the celebrated Weimar, the residence of so many men of genius who were the ornament and the pride of their nation, and who will perpetuate the glory of Weimar among remote posterity. With these geniuses Schiller had a right to associate, and sufficient reason to hope that he would be acknowledged as one of their number. Accordingly Wieland, whom he for a time assisted in the publication of the German Mercury, received him with

his accustomed cordiality, and the minister Von Gothe with flattering attentions. He likewise acquired the friendship of Von Wollzogen, on whose estates in Meiningen he resided for several years, and whose sister he afterwards married. She was Schiller's free choice, and that is saying enough in her praise.

Some years afterwards Schiller was appointed professor of history at Jena, and he taught that science with almost unexampled applause. At a later period he likewise held lectures on æsthetics. Were we to describe the scholar striving with the utmost zeal to attain the highest possible excellence, it would be necessary to show how he learned Greek of Schutz; how, instigated by Reinhold, he indefatigably studied the theories of Kant, and made himself intimately acquainted with the best poets of all ages and nations. During these occupations he was engaged in the composition of lectures, which he might have sent to the press without any diminution of his fame, and was besides extremely active as an author.

That he might be able to study with less interruption, he reversed the order of nature. Night was more agreeable to him than day. However singular it may appear, it is not the less true, that in the evening he might be found at his breakfast, and at midnight deeply engaged in business. The stamp of midnight is in fact strikingly impressed on many of his compositions. By this conduct he, alas! abridged his cheerfulness, his pleasures, and even his life.

In 1796, he received a regular honorary professorship, with a salary of two hundred dollars, which, after he left Jena, was continued by the duke, and was augmented a short time previous to his death. Meanwhile Gothe, who had become his friend, endeavoured to restore him to life and its enjoyments. Jena, he perceived, was not the place for this purpose; it was necessary to remove him to a region of greater freedom, and he invited him to Wei-

mar. This removal had the desired effect. He appeared to be again attached to life by more pleasing ties, and was completely happy in his domestic circle, among his children.

This cheerful tone pervades all the works he composed in the latter years of his life at Weimar: they are not the offspring of gloomy midnight, but the productions of genial noon. Among these was his "Maid of Orleans," of the first representation of which at Leipzig the following account is given by an eye-witness:

"I repaired from Lauchstadt to Leipzig, and should not have repented the journey, had I only witnessed the respect paid to Schiller, in a manner perhaps unparalleled in the annals of the German stage. Notwithstanding the heat, the house was crowded almost to suffocation. No sooner had the curtain dropped at the conclusion of the first act, than a thousand voices exclaimed, as with one mouth, "Long live Frederick Schiller!" and the sound of drums and of trumpets joined in this expression of universal applause. The modest author returned thanks from his box with a bow, but all the spectators had not been able to obtain a sight of the object of their admiration. You may therefore conceive how, when the play was over, all thronged out of the house to see him. The extensive space from the theatre to the Ranstadt gate was crowded with people. He came out, and in a moment a passage was cleared. "Hats off!" exclaimed a voice; the order was universally complied with; and thus the poet proceeded through multitudes of admiring spectators, who all stood uncovered, while parents in the back ground raised their children in their arms, and cried, That is Schiller."

He had, as he himself acknowledged, two methods which he invariably followed in composition.—When he had chosen a subject, he completed all the detail in his mind before he committed a single line to paper. A work which he had thus

brought to maturity in his mind, was finished, and hence may have often arisen the reports that Schiller had finished this or the other. Such was the case, toward the conclusion of his life, with his *Atila*, of which he declared that he had five scenes ready. This may have been true, even though not a line of it were committed to writing.

Those compositions which Schiller had committed to paper, especially metrical performances, he used to read aloud by himself; and it frequently happened that he passed unawares from reading to declaiming, a proof that he made his ear, and not metre, a judge of rhyme and harmony.

Schiller was tall, and rather slender. Even during his residence at Jena, his body seemed to suffer from the exertions of his mind: his face was pale, and his cheeks hollow; but silent enthusiasm sparkled in his eye, and his high open forehead announced the character of his mind. His whole demeanour was calculated to excite confidence. There was nothing in it of reserve, nothing of pride, haughtiness, or affectation; every expression was marked with such candour and sincerity, and unfolded such excellent qualities of the heart, that before you had passed a quarter of an hour in his company, you felt as if you had been acquainted with him for years. In a word, to him may justly be applied the character he has ascribed to true genius. "The child-like character (says he) which genius stamps upon all its works, it likewise manifests in private life, and in its manners. It is modest, because nature is always so; but it is not decorous, because decorum only attends corruption; it is rational, for nature can never be the contrary; but it is not crafty, for craft belongs only to art. It is true to its character and its propensities, not so much from principle, for nature, notwithstanding all digressions, invariably returns to the same spot, and always brings back the former necessities; it is unassuming, nay

even timid, because genius ever remains a secret to itself; but it is not anxious, because it is unacquainted with the dangers of the way it is pursuing. We know little of the private life of the greatest geniuses, but the little that has been preserved confirms this observation."

His medical attainments, instead of being of advantage to him, were, in fact, prejudicial, for they made him too attentive to the state of his body and its changes, and thus deprived him of the repose so necessary for the re-establishment of his health. The worst was, he appeared to have retained so much of this knowledge as to be aware of the danger of his situation, but to have forgotten so much as was necessary to warn him of the approach of impending disease. Sickness attacked him but too early, and a premature report of his death was propagated even in the public journals; but the skill of his physician, for that time, preserved his valuable life. The illustrious duke of Augustenburg, on receiving this melancholy intelligence, resolved to erect a monument to the noble bard. Overjoyed at his recovery, and not content with having destined a stone for him when dead, he, in conjunction with that excellent minister count Schimmelmann, secured to Schiller a pension for life.

The closing scene of this distinguished writer is thus described in a letter from Weimar, dated May 13, 1805: "At six in the evening of the 9th, death snatched our beloved Schiller from among us. We were surprised at the account, for his illness had not been of long duration. Last summer, when he returned from Berlin, whither he had gone to see the representation of his *William Tell*, to Jena, where his wife was to lie-in, he was ill, and not free from danger. This danger, however, passed away, and during the last days he complained only that spring would never arrive this year, though he was attacked while at work with the most violent spasms. Hence we were all led to cherish

the fairest hopes, when, all at once, the melancholy news arrived. On the morning of Thursday, he began to be quite delirious, spoke much concerning soldiers and the tumults of war, but still more frequently pronounced the name of Lichtenberg, in whose works he had a short time before been reading. Towards noon he became more composed, and fell into a gentle slumber, from which he awoke once more in the possession of his faculties for a short time, of which he availed himself to take a painful farewell, and to desire that his body might be committed to the earth without any pomp, in the most private and simple manner. He was even cheerful, and said, 'Now life is perfectly clear to me: many things are now plain and distinct.' He soon afterwards sunk again into a slumber, from which he never more awoke.

"His body was opened: the lungs were found almost entirely destroyed, the chambers of the heart were nearly filled up, and the gall was uncommonly distended. An accurate cast of his skull was taken for Dr. Gall. His funeral was fixed for Sunday, but as his body advanced too rapidly to corruption, it was found necessary to inter him in the night between Saturday and Sunday. According to his own desire, he was to have been carried to the grave by artisans; but several young literati and artists, desirous of evincing their love and respect to their distinguished colleague, even in death, relieved them from that duty. Among these friends of the immortal poet were professor Voss and the painter Jageman. In profound and solemn silence, the coffin was borne to the church-yard, between the hours of twelve and one. The sky was entirely overcast, and threatened rain. The blustering wind rushed awfully through the ancient roofs of the vaults, and the trophies groaned. But no sooner was the coffin placed before the vault, than the wind suddenly dissipated the gloomy clouds; the moon, in mild majesty, burst forth, and threw her first beams on

the coffin with the precious relics. They were carried into the vault; the moon again veiled herself in clouds, and the wind roared with augmented violence.

"The theatre was shut on Saturday. A written notice was sent to the subscribers, informing them that the grief of the company for the loss of him who had rendered such important services to the German stage, and to that of Weimar in particular, was such as to render them incapable of acting. On Sunday, between the hours of three and four, Mozart's Requiem was performed in the church of the Kirchhof, by the band of the ducal chapel, and the superintendant general Vogt delivered a discourse in memory of the deceased.

"Schiller has certainly left behind works worthy of the press. Among these is a finished performance entitled, *The Expedition of Bacchus to India*. His latest tragedy, *Attila*, is not completed. His papers promise a rich harvest for universal history. His respected brother-in-law, the privy counsellor Von Wollzogen, perhaps with Gothe's assistance, will undoubtedly take the necessary measures for giving this rich treat to the world."

Schiller did not die rich. He was not narrow-minded enough to scrape money together. As the master of a family, in which he maintained the utmost regularity, his conduct was unblemished. He was an excellent husband, and the father of four children. But the state of his health, and his mode of life, which was regulated by the rooted disorders with which he was afflicted, rendered necessary a proportionably greater expence, though in his exterior he observed the utmost simplicity, and was an enemy to ostentation. Schiller was made a citizen of France, and was elevated by the emperor to the rank of a noble of the German empire. Both these honours were conferred unsolicited. During the last four years of his life he resided at Weimar, in a house of his own, situated in an alley that runs through the town, and combining many con-

veniences. The purchase of this house, and the elegant style in which he furnished it, cost him considerable sums. A few years before his death his pension was increased by the duke, but in return he performed very essential services to the theatre. He suffered all his plays to be first represented there, for which he required no compensation, and acted on all occasions in the most disinterested manner.

The hereditary princess of Weimar has not a little increased the enthusiasm which every heart feels for her, by the declaration that she will provide for Schiller's two sons.

We shall conclude this sketch of the life of Schiller with the words of his friend Gothe, not as admiring them, but as characteristic of that famous writer: "We have reason to think it a happy circumstance for him that he ascended from the pinnacle of human existence to bliss; that a short affliction snatched him from among the living. He was not doomed to experience the infirmities of age, the decay of his mental powers. He lived as a man, and has gone hence in the perfection of manhood. He now enjoys this advantage, that his virtues and his energies will ever live in the memory of posterity; for in the same form in which man quits the earth, he wanders among the shades; so that Achilles still retains all the vigour of youth. His early departure will likewise be a benefit to us. From his grave the emanations of his energy will invigorate us, and will excite within us the most powerful impulse to continue, with unabated zeal and love, the work which he began."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. IX.

NOTWITHSTANDING so many writers have been profuse in their directions to mankind how to conduct themselves in their intercourse with

society, in those particulars where politeness is the principal object, no one, that I can now recollect, has said any thing on the passing salute. When we meet any of our friends or acquaintance in the public walks, we generally deem it proper to notice them in some way or other. When I say we, I mean mankind generally, not including those truly well-bred people whose manners I mean to describe in the present paper. In this particular, many people are guilty of gross improprieties; they are uniformly polite to all. Should they happen to meet a gentleman of the first class, they bow low, with a "Sir, I hope you are well," or some other phrase which they may happen to recollect at the time; the next person they meet is, perhaps, a tradesman, hurrying along, dressed in a well husbanded suit of clothes, which have long served him as a holiday suit, and now hold a secondary rank; to him they bow as low, and use the same kind expressions: if they meet with a lady of the first rank, they make their best bow; if they meet her maid, and happen to be acquainted, they act exactly in the same manner. It is a shockingly vulgar thing, and improper in the extreme; they do not seem to recollect that, by thus bowing indiscriminately to all, they reduce the great to the same level with the little, or raise the little to an equal height with the great. How would a great man or great lady be pleased, should they be saluted by a person they happen to meet, and immediately after see him saluting their taylor, their baker, their barber, or any other tradesman they may perhaps employ! Bowing is a mark of respect, or, at least, it is generally considered as such. When I was yet a school-boy, my teacher bade me bow to persons in office in the church, with the greatest respect (clergymen particularly), without regarding whether they knew me, or not; "because," said he, "these gentlemen must be treated with the greatest respect." Now, if it is a mark of respect, it should be paid to those only whom we do respect, and

not to every one indiscriminately. Can a person, in the situation of those I have mentioned, consider a bow as a mark of respect, when they see it paid to high and low, to rich and poor, to plain and gay, to people whom *nobody knows*? Certainly not: they must consider it as an insult. Those who are acquainted with the genteel part of mankind will, I believe, agree with me in opinion on this subject. They will probably recollect that, when they have been walking with *good company*, they have met with some humble acquaintance, whom they have saluted in the usual manner: it is immediately asked, "Who is that?" Many people will say this is done to acquire a knowledge of the person's name. No such thing. Reader, I assure you, the true meaning of the question may be thus expressed: "Who is that man? is he a gentleman, a man of wealth, show?" &c. The answer frequently runs thus: "He is a tradesman, a very worthy fellow, whom I have long known, an honest man," &c.

When they answer in this manner, it is not done merely to convey information for the support of craving curiosity, but to give good reasons for noticing him in the same manner he would have done any one of *the present company* on meeting. It would be much better not to notice them at all, or else in a slighter manner; for can they suppose they will meet with a welcome reception in good company? If they pay the same attention to these plebeians, as they do to their betters, it is absurd to expect it. Great people have (and ought to have) too much regard for what is due to their station, to suffer such deviations from the rules of politeness to pass unnoticed; and people, guilty of such improprieties, must not expect to act thus with impunity. *No*: the day will arrive when it will be signified to them that they are no longer desirable company for genteel people; that they may go and herd with tradesmen and other low company, such as they have been accustomed to sa-

lute. Many an instance of this kind have I seen ; but these people defend themselves with great obstinacy, and have the affrontery to say, that their conduct should be that of every well-bred man. But they do not know what politeness is. It is ridiculous to say politeness requires this practice : every one knows that people inhabiting places (not called large towns), are less polite and polished than those who have had the advantage of a city education. These people salute all their acquaintances with the greatest civility : is not this a sufficient proof, that the conduct I allude to is improper ? To state it in another form : politeness is the reverse of the want of it ; and, as country people are known to want politeness, hence it follows, that those who wish to be really polite, should let their conduct be exactly the reverse of the country practice.

There is another argument which I will offer in favour of the conduct I advocate ; and which, though I have not brought it forward first, is not the less weighty. Notwithstanding the boasted politeness of these *would-be* well-bred people, if we attentively observe them, when they are walking with *good company*, if they meet a humble acquaintance, they will take every possible means to avoid him, by turning aside to observe the curious construction of houses, which they have seen and observed with attention a hundred times ; sometimes the trees appear so beautiful, that they cannot forbear gazing on them with rapture ; at others, they are obliged to listen attentively to the conversation of the company ; and, when no better expedient is at hand, that fleshy projection from the human phiz, vulgarly called the nose, must be cleansed of obstructions ; this enables the person reduced to this extremity to conceal his eyes with his handkerchief, as if by accident. But, if all these methods prove unavailing, and their acquaintance meets them in such a manner that they cannot avoid it, they will speak to him indeed, but they will immediately

blush, and use some of those common expressions I have mentioned above. Now this ought to convince them that their practice is founded on vulgar principles ; for, if it is right, if it is truly polite, why do they blush, and excuse themselves, as they are known to do, and resort to so many petty expedients, to avoid practising their politeness in the company of well-bred people ? It is well known that they feel no hesitation in speaking to their humble friends, when they meet them alone and unobserved : they will then address them with the greatest familiarity, because they do not fear being observed by those who disapprove of their conduct. Men have many little vices which they are willing to confess to themselves, or their most intimate friends, while they conceal them from the rest of the world with the utmost care.

Young people learn what I have here denominated *true politeness* with great facility. I have seen many of them so perfect in the art, that they can pass unnoticed those who, but a little time before, were their intimate companions ; they can meet them in company, pass an evening with them, and, if they happen to see them the next day, they appear as though they could no longer recognize them. There are, however, not many such proficient ; there is a sediment of vulgar prejudice, a little taint of open-hearted civility, generally remaining in the mind, which must ever influence their conduct, and prevent them from ever practising the rules of true politeness with a good grace and unblushing countenance.

Those who are more advanced in life are mostly incorrigible offenders ; nothing can convince them of the impropriety of practising general politeness ; they may be frequently seen conversing familiarly with *quite a common man*, and afterwards expect to be as well received in *good company* as before ; but even those who compose *good company* are not willing to affront their seniors by treating them as they merit.

Now, taking these things into consideration, I have some thoughts of establishing a school, where true politeness shall be taught in all its branches; among these, bowing and the attendant compliments will be taught with utmost care: the teacher will be careful to give rules, founded on attentive observation, to show how far the head may be lowered in bowing to different people; for instance, the true genteel bow for gentlemen, ditto for ladies of equal rank and consideration in society, ditto for superiors, ditto for inferiors of both sexes, the country nod, with the proper accentuation of the homely compliments usual on such occasions, the true Dutch nod, and a number of *et ceteras* too tedious to mention, which are nevertheless of the greatest importance: but I do not wish to enlarge any further in this place, as those who are desirous of learning further particulars will please to enquire of the Reflector, No. 100,000, in the city of Imagination.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GLEANER.

NO. I.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, is an opinion as old as Solomon. This sentence has frequently been passed on literary productions. Many men, in turning over the innumerable works continually issuing from the press, are prompted to exclaim, "There is nothing new here: this, or better than this, on the same subject, was written long ago."

This sentence, like all general and indiscriminate assertions, is undoubtedly erroneous. There are certain subjects on which every successive publication is little more than an echo or repetition of former ones. This is very much the case in historical performances; in compilations or systems on the various branches of science: in these we

continually find the same facts, experiments, and deductions, repeated with very little variation even in the phrase or order. But there are many other topics on which some diversity, in different writers, is unavoidable. The difference, indeed, is not always in favour of the last writer; but a difference to some visible extent, provided there be not mere literal transcription, there inevitably must be.

The literature of a former age is naturally jostled out of the first place in popular attention by that of the present; hence all former times present, to the common observer, a kind of blank or void. It is only by taking a large and comprehensive view that we are enabled to discover that the literature of some former periods was quite as abundant and diversified, and, in many respects, much more solid and valuable, than that of our own time. England, for example, has been a writing and publishing nation for at least three centuries. If we divide these three hundred years into six equal portions, and inspect with judicious eyes, aided by ample libraries, the literary productions of each period, we shall not be able to decide, as easily as superficial observers imagine, to which of these periods the palm of superior eloquence and wisdom belongs, much less shall we be disposed to give this preference to our own age.

There cannot, in my opinion, be a more useful task than to select, and place in a new, inviting, and accessible form, the valuable matter to be found in writers who may be deemed obsolete, whose works have not, for a long time, and probably never again will be honoured with a new edition. In such an undertaking, the great end of novelty is as effectually answered as if every individual sentence or sentiment was minted in the compiler's own brain. What was said two hundred years ago is generally as absolutely new to common readers as what was never before said. This scheme has the additional advantage of being a sort of

tribute due to merit. It is mere justice, not only to the living reader, but to the dead author.

This task, however, is extremely arduous, nor is it, by any means, my intention to perform it; I mean only to gather into this heap the few valuable ears which others have neglected, which lie scattered in those darksome corners and untrodden paths where my feet may occasionally and accidentally wander. I have neither zeal, opportunity, nor perseverance enough to make very long excursions upon the beaten track.

I met this morning with the following passages, on the subject of education, in an author who wrote more than a hundred years ago. This is one of the topics on which more has since been said and published than on any other; yet I suspect, as to plain practical good sense, the voluminous productions of modern times contain nothing equal or superior to this:

"The design of learning is either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure, or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first view may be said to study for ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second properly studies for use. One does it to raise himself a fortune, the other to set off that which he already possesses. But, as the greater part of mankind are included in the former class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such as expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning: with those it should be a maxim, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

"The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts are

so few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas, persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities, in the daily occurrences of life.

"I am acquainted with two persons, who were formerly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable block-head at school, but still maintained his reputation at college. The other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present a country physician, who, in a circuit of twenty miles, can scarcely glean bread for himself and hay for his horse; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above a hundred thousand pounds.

"I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy man, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

"The fault, therefore, of our common schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas, it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

"There is one particular of use in every station of life, and which, methinks, every master should teach his scholars: I mean the writing of English letters. Instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a

range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed, at the appointed time, to answer his correspondent's letter.

"The generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

"The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

"Accounts and short-hand are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

"I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any extraordinary talents, and, consequently, are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I might venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be, as it were, the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

"History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dancing-master.

"The difference is, that, in a lad of genius, these are only so many accomplishments, which, in another, are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the grand seignior, who is obliged, by an ex-

press command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade: though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. One of them worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them, without any disgrace to his profession."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PLANET SATURN.

THERE is not, says Dr. Herschell, any object in the heavens that presents us with such a variety of extraordinary phenomena as the planet Saturn. A magnificent globe, encompassed by a stupendous double ring; attended by seven satellites; ornamented with equatorial belts; compressed at the poles; turning on its axis; mutually eclipsing its ring and satellites, and eclipsed by them; the most distant of the rings also turning on its axis, and the same taking place with the farthest of the satellites; all the parts of the system of Saturn occasionally reflecting light to each other; the rings and moons illuminating the nights of the Saturnian; the globes and satellites enlightening the dark parts of the rings; and the planet and rings throwing back the Sun's beams upon the moons, when they are deprived of them at the time of conjunction.

Besides these circumstances, which appear to leave hardly any room for addition, there is yet another singularity which distinguishes the figure of Saturn from that of the other planets. It is flattened at the poles, but the spheroid that would arise from this flattening is modified by some other cause, which Herschell supposes to be the attraction of the ring. It resembles a parallelogram, one side of which is the equa-

torial, the other the polar diameter, with the four corners rounded off, so as to leave both the equatorial and polar regions flatter than they would be in a regular spheroidal figure.

By another observation, in which Dr. Herschell had a good opportunity of comparing Saturn with Jupiter, he found the figure of the two planets to be essentially different. The flattening at the poles and on the equator of Saturn is much greater than on Jupiter, but the curvature at the latitude of from 40° to 48° on Jupiter is less than on Saturn.

As the result of another set of observations, Dr. H. supposes the latitude of the greatest curvature to be less than 45 degrees. The eye will also distinguish the difference in the three diameters of Saturn. That which passes through the points of the greatest curvature is the largest, the equatorial the next, and the polar diameter the smallest.

For the Literary Magazine.

MISTAKES OF TRANSLATORS FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of the rarest things in the world is a good translation; not from any intrinsic difficulty in the work, but from the ignorance and negligence of those who usually undertake it. This is particularly true of translation from the French, because the English and French tongues consist almost entirely of the same words, a little varied in the spelling. To change the spelling of the word from French to English is usually called translation; whereas, there is frequently a very wide difference between the two words, notwithstanding the similitude of their orthography. Thus, to give one instance out of a thousand, Scarron's Romance *Comique* is rendered *Comical Romance*: the translator thinking his whole business lay in merely new spelling the French

word: but *comique* means not *comical*, but *dramatic*.

There are a great number of words which, having the same derivation, and almost the same orthography, in French and in English, are very liable to be mistaken. I have sometimes thought of making a list of them, for the use of learners and translators, who have not the habit of conversation, which alone can set them right. I shall mention a few that happen to occur to me.

When the late unfortunate Louis was reduced to ask favours of his mean and barbarous tyrants, the translators that I have seen uniformly turn *Je demande* into "I demand;" whereas it means "I ask," or "I request."

The term *figure*, understood in English of the person, in French means the face.

The words *industrie* and "industry," have by no means the same sense; the French word means a quality of the mind; that activity of the body which we call industry has no French substantive that I know of: an industrious man is called *un homme laborieux*; she is very industrious, *elle est bien laborieuse*; their *industry* rather means "ingenuity," "contrivance;" as, *un chevalier d'industrie*, "one who lives by his wits:" a gamester, for example.

Extravagance, spelt exactly the same in both languages, is by no means the same word: it is never applied by the French to squandering or expensiveness, but to other imprudences. *Quelle extravagance!* "What absurdity!" "what madness!" *Vous extravaguez!* "You rave!"

The word *intrigue* is not so limited in its sense as in English; a person perfectly chaste may be intriguing in their sense of the word. If he can make his way in the world, and extricate himself from difficulties, he is said to be intriguing, without incurring the slightest blame.

Large means "wide," and *largeur* "width," and not bigness, like our "large."

Brave often means "good," but *gallantry* never means "courage," as it often does in English.

Caractère, which we are so apt to make "character," means temper and disposition, and not reputation.

I have seen *aller à gorge decouverte* translated "to go with the throat bare," instead of the bosom, which last, though *gorge* is literally "throat," is nevertheless the sense of the phrase; for I believe the strictest puritan never discovered any thing indecent in a woman's showing her throat; yet our fair countrywomen seem to have taken a hint from this blunder to cover up the latter so carefully, while the other is so frequently displayed. This mistake reminds me of a French translator of English plays, who calls "Love's last Shift" *La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*.

x.

For the Literary Magazine.

WIRE AND UTENSILS OF ZINC.

ZINC, which has been heretofore called a semi-metal, because it is not malleable, and scarcely capable of extension, by mechanical means, at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, or at those heats which are usually applied in forging or extending the metals called entire metals, is capable of being extended by hammering, laminating, wire drawing, pressing, stamping, &c., provided the zinc be kept during these operations at or about a certain heat.

By a method lately discovered, the zinc is cast into ingots or thick plates, which, when intended to be mechanically wrought, are to be heated in an oven to a temperature between 210 and 300 degrees of Fahrenheit. For wire, it is most convenient that the zinc be cast into cylinders, and these are to be extended between rollers at the above temperature, till their lengths are

increased four times, after which they may be drawn through wire-plates without farther heating or annealing, unless the pieces be very thick. Plates of zinc may be made by working it from the ingot or piece between rollers, at the temperature aforesaid, and those plates may be hammered up into vessels for culinary purposes by the same treatment as is applied to other metals, taking care, when the size or form, or other intended requisites of the vessels require it, to heat or anneal the zinc at proper times during the operation. Utensils of every description may be stamped, forged, or wrought, of zinc, in this its malleable state; and when it is necessary to unite pieces or plates of zinc together, solder is to be used consisting of two parts of tin and one part of zinc, more or less, according to the hardness and fusibility required, or common glazier's solder may be used with success.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH IMPROVEMENT IN WEAVING.

A PATENT has been lately taken out in Paris by the Sieur Despiau, for an improvement in weaving, which renders it unnecessary for the workman to throw the shuttle with his hand. The weaver, when he sets his foot on the treadles to open the warp, at the same time moves two springs, placed on each side of the loom, by which the shuttle is thrown back at the moment when the frame is removed as far as it ought to be. His hands therefore remain at liberty, and he can pull back the frame when he wishes to make the texture closer. Experiments have proved that a weaver may work longer, and with much less fatigue, at this than at a common loom; that he can, in twelve hours, weave twelve Paris ells of a yard-wide cotton-stuff, whereas, by the ordinary flying-shuttle, a good

workman can scarcely, in the same time, make more than four or six ells. Experiments likewise have shown that this improved loom may be employed with advantage in the manufacture of all kinds of stuffs, woollens, blankets, linens, &c., and that the additions and alterations required by ordinary looms will be attended with very little expence; that the construction of the mechanism by which the shuttle is thrown is simple, and requires no expence to keep it in repair, and may be adapted to all looms of the ordinary construction.

Looms of this construction are fitted up at Paris, at the expence of from eight to ten dollars.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE number of vessels, their tonnage, and the number of men and boys usually employed in navigating them, which belonged to the several ports of the British empire on the 30th September, 1804, was :

GREAT BRITAIN.

<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
17,794	2,017,240	154,032

IRELAND.

1,061	58,060	5,176
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THE COLONIES.

2,870	196,628	15,091
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TOTAL.

21,725	2,271,928	154,299
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This number of vessels, great as it appears, is still increasing; the number of new vessels each year considerably exceeding the losses to which such an extensive navigation must unavoidably be subject. The number of vessels built and registered in the different ports of the British empire in the year ending the

5th January, 1804, was 1402, and their tonnage 135,349 tons.

This number, though far greater than is possessed by any other nation, would however alone be very insufficient to carry on the extensive commerce of the country; we therefore constantly see the colours of all other maritime states flying in the British ports, and their vessels assist in conveying the property of British merchants to foreign shores. The account of the number of vessels which entered inwards and cleared outwards, including their repeated voyages, from or to all parts of the world, during 1804, will show the proportion of British and foreign shipping thus employed :

ENTERED INWARDS.

ENGLAND.

	<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
British,	8,173	1,184,944	68,571
Foreign,	3,901	560,195	27,938

SCOTLAND.

Brit.	2,335	210,443	14,408
For.	370	47,104	2,806

IRELAND.

Brit.	7,485	701,159	39,669
For.	534	79,778	5,182

CLEARED OUTWARDS.

ENGLAND.

	<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
Brit.	8,756	1,248,796	78,016
For.	3,828	553,267	28,478

SCOTLAND.

Brit.	2,375	214,490	15,732
For.	265	34,582	2,029

IRELAND.

Brit.	6,093	590,111	34,169
For.	531	78,971	5,093

These statements show the extent and activity of British mercantile shipping, and imply that the quantity and value of the goods which they transport must be very great. The total value cannot be

stated very accurately ; for though accounts are kept in the inspector-general's office at the custom-house of all goods exported and imported, the information they furnish in this respect is of little value, except in a comparative view, as they are formed from fixed rates of the value of different commodities settled 120 years ago, and consequently are very inapplicable to the actual value at present. Some idea may be formed of the under valuation of the imports from those of the East India company, taking the account of their sales as the importation. The medium value of the sales, on an average of the three years preceding March, 1796, was 6,100,000, whereas the medium value, by the accounts of the inspector-general, was 4,572,000. Since that period the imports of the East India company have considerably increased, and the difference between their sale-prices and the custom-house value is rather greater than was thus stated. These accounts, however unsatisfactory in many respects, are the only grounds on which we can compute the total value of the merchandize imported. This appears to have been as follows :

In 1800,	£. 30,570,605
1801,	32,795,557
1802,	31,442,318
1803,	27,992,464

The exports are likewise greatly undervalued, except in a very few articles, of which coffee is the most considerable. This is valued at 14*l.* 10*s.* per *cwt.*, and being a commodity of which a large quantity comes to Britain annually for exportation to the continent, the total value of the exports in the custom-house accounts, though certainly not increased thereby to near its actual amount, is rendered somewhat greater than it would have appeared in proportion to the rates fixed for other articles, or even if this commodity was rated at its current price. In the following account,

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therefore, coffee is reduced as nearly to its real value in each year as could be ascertained, the other articles remaining as in the established book of rates.

TOTAL OFFICIAL VALUE OF THE
EXPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In 1800,	£. 38,120,120
1801,	37,786,856
1802,	41,411,966
1803,	31,578,495
1804,	34,449,865

About two-thirds of these totals consist of British produce and manufactures, being the part in which chiefly the value is under-rated. The real value of this part is however now sufficiently known. Since 1798, the exporters have been required to declare the real value of all British manufactures exported, in consequence of which it appears that the amount of this part of the exports in 1803, which by the official rates appeared to be 22,252,027*l.*, was, in fact, 40,100,870*l.* ; and the amount in 1804, which appeared to be 23,934,291*l.*, was, in fact, 40,349,642*l.*

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE GRECIAN ORATOR ISOCRATES.

By the Abbè Arnaud.

ISOCRATES was born at Athens in the 86th Olympiad, five years before the Peloponnesian war. At an early age he began to study philosophy and rhetoric under Gorgias, Prodicus, and Tiseas, whose doctrines and eloquence about this period astonished all Greece. It is affirmed that he also was a disciple of the celebrated orator Theramenes, whom the thirty tyrants caused to be put to death because he fa-

voured the popular cause. He passionately loved glory ; and the desire of distinguishing himself, and of bearing a part in the public administration, animated all his proceedings. In order to this end, besides possessing information and a turn for business, it was necessary to excel in eloquence ; but nature having denied him both voice and self-command, without which it is impossible to sway the multitude, he directed his efforts to composition. In the first place, he proposed to give to eloquence more of force and majesty, by breaking down the trammels which a contracted and ridiculous philosophy had thrown around it. He abandoned those vain subtilties in which the sophists lost themselves, as well as those sublime obscurities in which they were so fond of being enveloped. He confined himself to interesting questions, such as appeared to him calculated to render his country happy and his fellow-citizens virtuous. His talents corresponded with the grandeur of his views. Youth flocked from all parts to be his pupils, and to form themselves on his lessons. Some of them afterwards became orators, some great statesmen, and others polished and profound historians. He died loaded with glory and wealth at the age of ninety years, a few days previous to the battle of Chæronea.

In the orations of Isocrates every word has its place ; his diction is pure ; and no obscure or obsolete phrase disfigures his style ; but it is seldom lively, rapid, and vehement ; it is various and splendid, but hardly ever simple and natural. Whatever obstructs a smooth pronunciation, Isocrates rejects ; he studies above all to measure and round his periods, and to give them a cadence like that of verse. All his discourses are delightful to peruse, and well adapted for panegyric, but are unfit for the turbulent proceedings of the bar, and the tumult attending popular harangues. The tribune and the bar require vehemence and

passion, which do not comport with nicely-measured periods.

All is systematic in the style of Isocrates ; words answer to words, members to members, and phrases to phrases ; we even meet with chiming terminations. This artificialness, if too frequent and too manifest, offends the ear, and obscures the sense.

Magnificence of style, according to Theophrastus, is derived from three sources : choice of words, the happy arrangement of them, and the imagery which enlivens the whole. Isocrates chose well his words, but there is too much affectation in his arrangement ; his figures are either too far-fetched, or discordant, or extravagant, so that he becomes cold and *mannered* ; besides, in order the better to tune his style, and frame his periods with nicety, he makes use of inefficient words, and unnecessarily lengthens out his discourses.

We are far from asserting that these faults deform all his writings ; his composition is sometimes simple and natural ; he properly separates its members, and disposes of them neatly ; but in general he is too much the slave of full and rounded periods ; and the elegance which he affects too often degenerates into redundancy. In fine, if the style of Isocrates be wanting in the natural and the simple, it must be owned that it displays magnificence and grandeur ; its construction is sublime, and of a character almost more than human. We may compare his manner to that of Phidias, whose chisel sent forth heroic and divine forms of such superior dignity.

With respect to invention and disposition, Isocrates excels in both ; he varies his subject with admirable art, and guards against languor by an infinity of episodes, all naturally introduced. But what renders him for ever deserving of praise is the choice of his subjects, always noble, always grand, always directed to the public good. He did not propose

merely to embellish the art of speech, but he was desirous to complete the mind, to teach his disciples to govern their families and their country.

All his discourses inculcate virtuous and patriotic sentiments.—While speaking respecting those of his ancestors who broke the chains of Greece, he does not confine himself to admire their force and courage, but dwells particularly on the elevation of their minds, the purity of their sentiments, their ardent thirst for glory, and at the same time their extraordinary moderation. They uniformly sacrificed their own interests to the public weal. According to them, happiness consisted not in opulence, but in the consciousness of having performed virtuous actions. In their opinion they left their children ample wealth if they bequeathed to them the esteem and consideration of the public; an honourable death appeared in their eyes preferable to an inglorious obscurity. Instead of extending and multiplying the laws, they were constantly on the watch least any citizen might deviate from the institutions of their ancestors. They seemed to vie with each other who should render the greatest service to his country. It was by conferring favours, and not by the terror of their arms, that they retained their allies. Friends of virtue, their word was held more inviolable than the most sacred oaths at the present day. Firm and uniform in their conduct, they fulfilled their engagements with greater regularity than if they had been compelled to perform them. Compassionate and humane, they treated the weak as if they wished that those who were stronger than themselves might treat them in like manner. In short, while strongly devoted to the government under which they lived, they never ceased to regard all Greece as their common country.

“The duty of a general, so powerful as yourself (said he, addressing himself to Philip), ought to be

directed to heal, and not to foment disputes; renounce a conduct which is unworthy of a great mind; aggrandize Greece, instead of endeavouring to divide it; assume magnanimity to undertake enterprises, which, if successful, must exalt you above the most renowned generals, and, if unsuccessful, must secure for you the good opinion of all Greece; a glory infinitely surpassing that of men who sack cities and subjugate empires.”

In his orations he resolutely enters into a disputation respecting the form of the government; he desires the Athenians to recollect the institutions of Solon and Clisthenes. “According to these legislators (observed he), liberty consists in the execution of the laws, and not in holding up magistrates to contempt. They entrusted not any of the employments in the state to unprincipled, but to virtuous characters, being aware that the citizens in general would model their conduct by that of its chiefs. None of your ancestors (continued he) ever enriched themselves by the spoliation of the public purse; they chose rather to sacrifice their own patrimony to the general good of the republic. Their efforts were directed not so much to punish, as, by the employment of wise measures, to prevent the commission of crimes. They believed that supreme authority belongs only to the state, and that nothing prohibited by the laws ought to be tolerated in private individuals.”

How great is the address which he employs in his oration to the Lacedæmonians, to animate their courage, and to exhort them to reject the insolent demands of the Thebans! After analyzing the principal discourses of Isocrates, Dionysius Halicarnassensis considers the elocution of this celebrated orator, and informs us Philonicus compared him to a painter who in his pictures gave to the figures the same attitudes and the same drapery.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER AND PRIVATE
LIFE OF MR. NECKER, WRIT-
TEN BY HIS DAUGHTER, MA-
DAME DE STAEL.

Concluded from page 128.

MIRABEAU and his adherents, the very evening of the day on which my father returned to the Hotel de Ville, laboured to destroy his popularity; they overwhelmed him with venom in the journals, in libellous pamphlets; in fine, they laid siege to his reputation: and who does not know that, since the discovery of printing, there is a terrible engine in the hands of powerful men, which, like all the other engines of society, demands order and liberty, not to confound, or not to stifle every thing.

In spite of the enemies who surrounded him, Mr. Necker did still some partial good: the remains of his popularity were still the means of his saving some threatened lives: he infused into the royal authority a language which still sustained appearances: but a double virtue doubly diminished his power; the court perceiving his popularity decline adhered so much the less to his counsels, and the popular party, knowing that his credit declined at court, no longer dreaded his influence. His strength with the court consisted in his popularity, and he lost this popularity in defending the court. His credit with the court would have given him an influence over the popular party, and he did not obtain this credit because he had at first supported the popular party against the court. This circumstance however should prove no discouragement in morals. My father, it has been seen in his works, admitted no doubt of the fidelity of this guide, although it did not enable him to triumph over his enemies. If success were the end of man's existence, there would be no virtue; calculation would take its place. It is therefore to be believed that great sacrifices are imposed on deli-

cate consciences, for an unknown and distant end. Cato, when he perished at Utica, did not rescue the liberty of Rome; but he has consecrated in all ages a noble idea by a great sacrifice. Who knows whether Mr. Necker, in becoming the martyr of a union of morals with politics, have not given more force to this opinion by his genius, than he has deprived it of by his reverses of fortune.

In 1790, of all years the most painful to my father, he saw his hopes, his projects, the remembrance of the past, the recompense he derived from the world's opinion, all that formed his destiny, sink before him; and nevertheless he never deviated a moment from his road of generosity. A member of the committee of finance published a book called "The Red Book," which ought not to have been made public, as it contained the secret expences of the king. Mr. Necker undertook the defence of this book, in which there was not a single article which related to his administration, and almost all of them to that of his opponent, Mr. de Calonne. Among other things were some gifts to the French princes, then banished from France, and who had shown themselves abroad very inimical to Mr. Necker. He only evinced more solicitude in justifying those gifts, and made use of all those delicate expressions which so nobly convey a respect for misfortune. My father's soul had no tincture of resentment: too gentle to hate, too proud to think itself insulted!

A decree was agitated to suppress titles. Mr. Necker warmly insisted that the king should refuse it his sanction, and he published a tract on the subject of this decree, at the moment when the enthusiasm for equality was most prevalent. It was not titles in general, but the utility of titles in a monarchy, which was analyzed in this tract. It ill suits me to expatiate here on the philosophic motives which often induced my father to embrace opinions, that might be considered as antiphilosophic: neither does it belong to my

subject at present to point out that admirable union of contrasted qualities, or rather that enlarged mind, which rendered him the true friend of liberal institutions, and the most able advocate of the fixed barriers which should limit these institutions; but when I come to publish the works of my father, I shall annex a collection of all the memoirs he furnished the king and national assembly during the last fifteen months of his administration; and I can confidently promise that these memoirs prove that there exists no injustice towards the oppressed, no fault in political institutions, which he did not first point out, and which has not since been acknowledged.

But could the harmonious voice of an eloquence as full of argument as of sensibility be heard at the moment when every political passion was roused, when hope and fear had doubled the activity of every man's character, and when this great kingdom of France was become for true enthusiasts the most extensive field for the exercise of the imagination, and for ambitious projectors the richest domain which an avidity of wealth or power ever shared?

My father's house was threatened: my mother trembled for his life: and as he had no further means of being useful, he retired in 1790, producing at the same time a Memoir on Assignats, in which he stated every thing which has happened since. But even in predicting with certainty the ruin of the creditors of the state, he left his two millions as a deposit in the royal treasury. He possessed, however, a security (*bon*) from the king, authorizing him to withdraw them whenever he chose, and as minister of finance he had more facility than any other man to pay himself what was due to him. Some persons have deemed this last act of generosity somewhat blameable; and so it might be esteemed, if it were not considered that my father wished to leave a pledge of his administration, and not detach his fate altogether from that of France; and besides, although he had every rea-

son to believe that the interest would be paid in paper money, he could not think it possible that the principal of a debt so sacred could be sequestered, even in the midst of the most violent political agitations.

In returning to Switzerland, through Basle, my father was arrested at Arcy-sur-Aube, and his life was threatened at Vesont, owing to the popular suspicions which the libels against him had excited. He was accused of having betrayed the interests of the people, of having joined the emigrant party, who assuredly had not shown themselves his friends. It was thus he retraced the very route which, fifteen months before, he had passed so triumphantly. Cruel vicissitude, that might have soured the firmest soul, but which an unsullied conscience could support with resignation!

At length he arrived at his seat at Coppet. It is now fourteen years ago, and I followed him soon after. I found him sad, thoughtful, but without one sentiment of gall. One day he was conversing with me about the deputies of the city of Tours, who had lodged with him some months during the federation, and he said to me, "A year ago this city bore me much good-will: perhaps it is not yet destroyed: perhaps in this part of France they love me still!" It is necessary to have been acquainted with him, it is necessary to have known how noble and elevated were his looks, how gentle and congenial with his words was the tone of his voice, to form an idea of the effect of them on a heart that so passionately loved him. The moments were rare when he unfolded his most inmost heart. His habitual manner was dignified and restrained, particularly in what related to himself: he had that reserve which is the chief characteristic of profound impressions. It was this period of his arrival at Coppet which commenced that admirable life of solitude and resignation, by which he acquired the esteem even of his enemies. It was there that he composed those works on the various political situa-

tions of France which have successively obtained the approbation of all those whose opinions were overpowered, and the blame of all those whose opinions were victorious. It was in this retreat that he displayed a celestial mind, a character every day more pure, more noble, more refined. It was there that he impressed on the hearts of all who saw him a sentiment which they must all preserve to the end of their lives.

In writing the political life of my father, I shall endeavour to examine the character and object of his writings; and as some of them relate to the circumstances of the moment, perhaps I may one day abstract the general ideas, in order to form a body of political doctrine, which may perpetuate his name. I am sure that even among the admirers of Mr. Necker there are some who will be struck with fresh instances of his genius, thus detached from their connection with the events of the day, for he was forced to employ much of his resources to struggle with passing events; and it will be curious to extract from his works maxims that may serve for ages.

The only work of Mr. Necker's, printed during his retreat, which has no relation to political subjects, is his *Course of Religious Morality*. Some have been displeased with this book, divided into discourses, or rather sermons. Still I think this form peculiarly adapted to the end proposed by my father. It conveys a full idea of the effect that may be produced in our religion by the eloquence of the pulpit, and of the spirit of which it is susceptible. The recurrence of beautiful thoughts, of the most original and poetical expressions of the holy scriptures, imparts an interest to these discourses which single discourses never could produce. What beauties of style, of thought, of sentiment, does not this work exhibit! What profound knowledge of human nature in its strength and in its weakness, of that stormy and passionate nature which characterizes all those whose affections, misfortunes, or talents, snatch

them from the slumber of the soul, and from the vulgar course of a mere physical existence! What sublime indulgence from the most austere purity! What consolations for every grief, save one, for which I seek in vain for solace, even from his admirable genius. There is no social affection, no situation of human life, youth, age, adversity, glory, public and private duties, no one situation of which he has not treated intimately and truly. But to understand him, it is necessary to have been a sufferer.

What is most striking, in the works of Mr. Necker, is the incredible variety of talent they display. Voltaire stands alone in the literary world for the diversity of his genius: Mr. Necker, I think, stands alone for the universality of his faculties. The blending and harmony of contrasts is what constitutes in the universe, as in man, the most perfect beauty. Delicacy and comprehensiveness, gaiety of wit and tenderness of heart, energy and refinement, precision and fancy, elevation of thought and originality of expression: all these qualities, without the defects that usually accompany them, are to be found in the writings of Mr. Necker. There is every where strength under due controul, a spirit of analysis which never decomposes sentiment, and separates causes without damping a single generous impulse, or enfeebling a single emotion of the heart. In ranging the world of fancy, he is never found in opposition to experience or to reason; he elevates, but he never bewilders. The minister and the poet unite in him by sublime but natural ties; by that comprehension of intellect which embraces all things; by that well ordered habit of mind which always sustains his greatness.

That work of my father, which I now publish, consists of detached thoughts and separate pieces on various subjects. Some of them have been written at different periods, but the greater part of them were composed this winter. I have sup-

pressed a very few of them, which perhaps related too closely to political subjects. None of his works, I think, can give a better idea of himself. There is an astonishing sagacity in his reflections on the human heart, and a remarkable comic strength in his observations on society. The same work comprises a tract on metaphysics, on the commerce of grain, and on the happiness of fools. To treat on these three subjects, a head should contain, if I may so express it, a clue of uncommon extent; and to these subjects, of themselves so opposite, must be added all those which are treated with a profound sensibility, and every where with a beauty of expression, which paints with an equal charm both freedom and reserve, constraint and independence. He intended to increase the number of these detached thoughts: he had made notes on several subjects which he had designed to investigate: the political career he had passed through had led him to confine himself only to matters of administration and of high public importance: he therefore found a new pleasure in exercising himself freely on all subjects, and thus summoned in review before him the observations of his life. It is a great misfortune that, by adapting himself only to public contemplation, his unexpected death prevented his continuing to open the rich stores of his mind. It still contained treasures which are for ever lost; perceptions so refined and so just, so much honesty, even in his wit, a manner of judging systematically free and exempt from prejudice, a faculty of thought which was neither bigotted to philosophic method nor fettered by received opinions, and which directed itself by its own elasticity and strength; in fine, something of vastness in its glance, which, perhaps, will never be found again; for all men of distinction are governed by that superior quality which distinguishes them.

My father, in his most simple letters, had not a style; for he was too

natural to bestow on letters that sort of attention which is necessary to form what is properly a style, that is to say, a manner implying something of care and stateliness; but he had always that propriety of expression which is not, to my thinking, a simple intellectual merit; that sort of propriety which supposes a kind of celestial temper of mind dictating every word. When he wished, which was rarely the case, to make a wrong felt, coming either from a nation or an individual, from his child, or from his enemy, he expressed himself with so much moderation, with so much delicacy, that, if I may judge from myself, the heart was overwhelmed. What he forbore to say, appeared with so much more force; and, far from retrenching his words, his omissions are naturally added, as well as his favours, which he never recalled, and his glory, which he seemed to forget, only to challenge our affection and justice*.

Mr. Necker has been censured for too much pomp, and, consequently, uniformity, in his writings. This fault, if it exist, will certainly not appear in the thoughts which I now publish, and which he composed at his leisure, without any im-

* I will here cite a passage from one of his letters, which will convey some idea of this temperance and delicacy in his manner. Some insurgent peasants of the Pays de Vaud burnt, two years ago, some titles of seignorial property, and the government, after this insurrection, required of the proprietors of these burnt titles to write officially the complaints they had to make against the rebels. "I have nothing particular to say against them (my father expressed himself): they behaved with decency, their class considered (*le genre admis*)."

What reflections occur on this simple phrase! The goodness and the pride which forbears, in its own cause, to accuse even the guilty; and in that phrase *le genre admis*, all the censure of a just man expressed with grace and reserve, which serves as a lesson for the weakness of governors, as well as for the violence of the governed.

mediate intention of making them known. But, in the works my father has printed, he still considered his character as a public man, and he maintained in them constantly, by habit and by expediency, the dignity of this character. Still it appears to me, that, through all this necessary dignity in the writings of Mr. Necker, those various kinds of ability, which are more distinctly seen in his detached thoughts, are perceptible. There is no talent, even to that of seizing with promptitude whatever is ridiculous in men and things, which may not easily be discerned in his most grave political writings. He indulges in this variety of style as much as may be, without impairing his consequence as a statesman; and it did not become Mr. Necker to sacrifice this consideration to the highest literary merit.

One of the most remarkable qualities in Mr. Necker's style is a perfect harmony. He could not endure harsh and abrupt phrases; and he composed no piece of eloquence, without reading it aloud in his chamber. Harmony is certainly one of the great charms of style. Such is the analogy between physical and moral nature, that all the affections of the soul have a suitable inflection of voice, a melody of words, according with the sense of the words themselves. The general complexion of my father's impressions was a noble dignity; and, in observing the harmony of his style, the character of this expression will be felt. Still I believe that if he could have brought himself to break his phrases oftener, to assume sometimes a familiar tone, to descend with his readers occasionally, that they might the more strongly feel his movements of elevation, he would, perhaps, have inspired less respect, his style would not have been so classical, but the ordinary reader would have felt more sensibly the multiplicity of his ideas. Some attention is requisite to appreciate with discrimination all the instances of neatness, ingenuity, and originality, in the uniform state-

liness of his style. If Bossuet had not been unequal, perhaps his fine passages would create less astonishment. The continuity of excellence of every kind scarcely ever obtains continuity of admiration.

This harmony, replete with magnificence, which appears in almost all the known works of Mr. Necker, assumes a character entirely different in the novel he wrote, and which concludes this collection. He gave a loose in this production to his tender and susceptible feelings, to a simplicity which was natural to him, and to an eloquence as glowing as it is graceful. In the perusal of this novel, particularly, the reader will perceive the interior of his bosom, and the despair occasioned by his loss. It is now precisely eighteen months ago, when, talking with him of romances, and their difficulty, I took the liberty of desiring him to write one. He told me he thought it possible to interest more powerfully in depicting conjugal affection than any other kind of love; we talked of an event that had happened at Paris, and revived in a journal, and I proposed to him this subject as the most difficult to treat of. He accepted it, and some weeks after he submitted to me the novel I now publish. At this moment, when every word irritates my wounds, even at this moment its impression is not stronger than it was then. It evinces a degree of talent to which nothing can be added; and when it is considered that this affecting language of love, of passion, of sensibility, of delicacy, is the work of a man of seventy years of age, of a man hackneyed in political events the most likely to wither the heart, of a man who had been constantly occupied in calculations and business; when it is considered that the same name is found at the bottom of the Administration of Finance and of "The Fatal Consequences of a Single Fault," that the same man, at an advanced age, suddenly displays, in addition to his acknowledged talents, the grace of youth, the passion of mature age, and an

inexpressible delicacy of sentiment, which blends at once the freshness of first impressions, and the consciousness of a long and honourable retrospect,—it appears as if age, at least my father's age, no longer seemed the decline of life, but the commencement of immortality. I protest that in the last years of his existence he seemed to have assumed something celestial in his look and in his language. It was this renewal of strength and of sensibility on which my hopes were founded. I saw in it a new pledge of the duration of his life, and heaven seemed to descend into his heart by anticipation.

It was during the illness of my mother, and particularly since her death, which took place ten years ago, that my father's private character has been most known. It is impossible to convey an idea of his care and assiduity during her long illness. She had frequently sleepless nights; and in the day-time she would sometimes sleep with her head reclined upon her husband's arm. I have seen him remain motionless for hours together, upright, in the same position, for fear of awaking her by the smallest motion; and the cares he lavished on her were not those which virtue only inspires; they were full of tenderness and affection, animated by that spark of love which pure hearts preserve through the sufferings of years.

My mother was fond of hearing music during her illness, and she had musicians to come to her every evening, that the impression made by their sounds might sustain her soul in that elevated thought which alone gives to death an air of melancholy and peace. In the last hour of her life, wind instruments continued to play in the chamber adjoining her's; and I cannot express the effect of the contrast between the different expressions of the airs and the uniform sentiment of sadness that filled the heart at the idea of death. Once in the course of her sickness the musicians disappointed her, and my father desired me to

play on the piano-forte. After having executed some pieces, I began to sing the air from Oedipus at Colonus, by Sacchini, the words of which recal the cares of Antigone:

*Elle m'a prodigué tendresse et ses soins,
Son zèle dans mes maux m'a fait trouver des charmes, &c.*

On hearing it, my father shed a torrent of tears. I was obliged to stop. And I saw him for many hours at the feet of his dying wife, abandon himself to that deep, that unconstrained emotion, which evinced nothing of the great man, of the man involved in great thoughts and important interests, except a heart of sensibility, a heart melting with tenderness and affection.

My mother died. It was not in the wildness of despair that a grief which was to end only with life displayed itself. From the first moment my father employed himself in executing the last wishes of my mother relative to her interment, with a presence of mind evincing surely a more profound sensibility than that which would manifest itself only by vehement distress; a sensibility which concentrated all its force to accomplish all its duties. I entered his chamber some hours after the death of my mother. His window towards Lausanne looked on one of the most magnificent prospects of the Alps, and they were illuminated by the beautiful rays of the morning. "Her spirit, perhaps, is hovering there," said he to me, in pointing to a light cloud which was flying over our heads; and he was silent. Ah! why was he not doomed to utter the same words of me; near him I should have felt no terrors of death, so well did he represent to me the effect of religion! I beheld him as long as he remained on the earth, and now I must accomplish alone the last tedious half of my existence.

Much has been said of the anxiety my mother carried with her to the tomb. She had seen frightful examples of precipitate burials when engaged with the hospitals, and her imagination had been struck with

them. She was always strongly bent on having her ashes united with my father's, and her passion for him made her ardently cling to this intent. In my opinion, nothing of this kind should astonish a mind sufficiently thoughtful to enter into the idea of death in the midst of life. Men are perhaps in the right, in general, to seek in the distraction of business an oblivion of the human destiny; for its contemplation is revolting to those who know not how to live, occupied with vulgar interests and common ideas; but when religion, love, or misfortune, fix us in solitude, and two beings who love each other advance together towards the tomb, nothing, I own, is more natural than that imagination and sensibility which endeavours to smooth the idea of death, and seems in some measure to deceive itself as to the separation it imposes.

It is madame Necker's testamentary wishes that I explain here. One only sentiment could guide her husband, which was to fulfil them in all things. He did nothing in this respect either for himself or her which she did not dictate. Guardian of her tomb for ten years, the interests of the moment never distracted him from her memory. I possess two compositions of my father, written for himself only, at the time of my mother's death. In one of them he retraces all the motives he has to regret her; and in the other he interrogates himself on the proofs of affection he had given her while she lived, in order to combat the inconceivable apprehension he harboured of not having been sufficiently mindful of her happiness. He brought to his mind every possible circumstance in which he might have afflicted her or made her happy, and soothes or torments himself according as he is satisfied or not with his inward intentions. He is scrupulous towards his imagination, as well as his recollections. His words, his actions, the whole tenor of his life, does not satisfy him; he retires into the sanctuary of his heart to judge of the attention he has experienced.

I know no where, in history or in romance, a perfection of tenderness to be compared with this. These compositions reveal new faculties of the heart; a love pure as that which is divine; agitated as that which is earthly; full of delicacy and passion; full of remorse where no faults have been committed.

Undoubtedly my father preserved a constant veneration, a profound attachment, towards my mother to her last hour; but I have enjoyed some years during which I and my children have almost engrossed among us this exalted man, as perfect in his domestic affections as in his most elevated conceptions. He wrote to me last winter, "That he felt himself better adapted for a private than a public man, he felt so much pleasure in his family attachments!" All that surrounded him felt the influence of his perfect goodness, beneficence, generosity, willing attentions to society; all had their place in his breast, and none were neglected.

When the French entered Switzerland, my father, by one of the laws of the reign of terror, was found, although a foreigner (Geneva not being then united with France), on the list of emigrants.—He had been inscribed there in 1793, at the time he defended the king, and wilfully exposed himself by this action to the loss of the whole of his fortune in France. Many persons were uneasy at Mr. Necker's situation at Coppet, the first frontier-town that the French army were to occupy. He would not retire, and we remained in our residence, trusting to the instructions that the directory might have given, and to the personal sentiments of the French officers. We were not deceived in either of these hopes. The French generals showed my father the most flattering and grateful regard, and the directory unanimously erased his name from the list.—Still there was some cause of inquietude, at a moment when, by the letter of the law, every man inscribed on the list of emigrants, and found in the terri-

tory occupied by the French armies, was sentenced to suffer death. But my father, who exaggerated every danger that concerned my mother or myself, would not suffer me to make the shadow of an objection to his resolution of remaining at Coppet. Curiosity having attracted our tenants to the road, we were entirely alone at the critical moment of the arrival of the French in Switzerland.

For some days previous to this, my father's first concern had been to look out among his papers and burn all those which might commit any persons, even the eulogies of which he himself was the object. I will relate one fact among a thousand of his punctilious delicacy in all that regarded others. A poor fellow of Vesoul had written to him some years before, when he passed through that town, disclaiming the wrongs of his fellow-citizens towards him : he expresses himself with an eloquent warmth against those who could be wanting in respect to the name of Necker. My father set a great value on this letter, which soothed his painful recollection of Vesoul ; but fearing that this man might be exposed if he were known, he effaced his signature with so much care, that, on finding this letter among my father's papers, after his death, I was unable to discover the name of the writer.

How many good and generous things, of every description, has he not concealed from me and others, not from intending to suppress them, but from forgetting to tell them ! Only a few days since, I learnt a new instance of his delicacy, of a nature altogether singular, if attentively considered. He had let a house, at a reasonable rate, near Coppet, to a family not very rich : when this family left it, a woman, possessed of some fortune, wished to hire this house at a lower rate, and for that purpose so persecuted him, that he consented. But he persuaded himself that he ought to restore to the poor family all that exceeded this latter price which they had been

paying him for many years ; and he wrote to them to accept of this restitution, of a nature entirely novel. To have offered the same sum in pure generosity would have been an action very simple ; but to have done so from conscientious scruples, is a circumstance in its nature unexampled.

Mr. Necker had lost, by the revolution in Switzerland, and the sequestration of his deposit in France, three-fourths of his fortune ; and even to his death the world was much deceived as to what he possessed, because they judged by his gifts. In the distribution of his donations, he was impelled by no personal motives ; and even among his enemies he sought unfortunate objects to relieve. No ostentation ever attached to this generosity : no ostentation, but at the same time no affectation of mystery. The simplicity of his character and conduct instructed no one in his virtues who did not feel them of themselves ; and his moral perfection, like something which is at once great and well-proportioned, disclosed itself only in the course of time. He had so much sincerity in the whole of his being, that, to study the indications of what is truly noble and admirable, a writer could not do better than devote himself to examine the actions, manners, and words of Mr. Necker, the strong or gentle expression he made use of, the fitness and weight of what he uttered, his emphasis, the language of his physiognomy, in fine, all that harmony of truth, which is better felt than described, which the meditating mind may analyse on seeing it, but which can never be imitated without the aid of a similar nature.

My father subjected himself to principles rigidly austere in the smallest actions of his life no less than the greatest ; but he had an indulgence for others, which resulted not only from his goodness, but from his perfect knowledge of the human heart. To his predilection for talent, for wit, for imagination, he united a perfect good will for those

men not merely occupied with their habitual ideas, but from whom he could collect any positive information of whatever kind. Sometimes he indulged in pleasantries on those about him; but he had so much grace and sagacity in his humour, that the happiest moments of my life were those when he made me the object of this talent. I never saw him out of humour, except with incapacity. When a man was able in any way, in business, in art, or science, or even trade, who had perfected himself in any one faculty, ranged through a circle of ideas, whatever was the centre, he was sure of his consideration. Even the mediocrity which displeased him he tolerated with gentleness, for fear of giving pain, a fear with him all-powerful, for he experienced in a supreme degree the sympathy of pity. Amiable sentiment! without which we must all fear each other, but most admirable in the bosom of a superior being, when it falls like a dew on the arid surface of life.

My father was at once a man the most commanding and the least to be dreaded; a man before whom I should most fear to blush, but before whom I could with most confidence shed tears of repentance; before whom I would have justified myself, not by demonstration and evidence, but in confiding my wrongs to him as to the Divinity, in imparting to him my inmost thoughts, in pouring my soul into his bosom, that he might restore it to me improved. None, I believe, ever inspired confidence and respect in the same degree. No one knew better how to encourage the most pleasing familiarity, without the smallest sacrifice of that simple dignity which checked it with a word, if that word became necessary. I have seen him surrounded by my children, inviting to his table companions of their age, and so venerable in the midst of his goodness, that he imparted a sentiment of admiration and tenderness by his condescension and even his gaiety.

It was painful to him to be old. His form, which had become clumsy, and which rendered his motions difficult, created in him a timidity that diverted him from mixing in the world. He got into his carriage the moment he was observed: he only walked when he could not be seen. In fine, his imagination loved the grace of youth; and sometimes he said to me, "I don't know why I am humiliated with the infirmities of age, but I feel I am." And it was to this sentiment he was indebted for being loved as a young man. I believe he was the only person in the world who could inspire a mixture of respect and interest towards age, which formed a feeling entirely new.

The feebleness of age, combining with strength of mind, justness of wit, a true appreciation of every thing at the moment of separation from all the treasures acquired by a long train of thought, that sensibility always combining with melancholy ideas, formed around my father something of the glory of futurity, a kind of empyreal veil, which often made the most mournful impression on me, an impression nevertheless of love, an impression that a young man might excite, if he were seized with a threatening consumption, if a gloom hung over his existence, and the feelings he created oppressed the heart that sought in vain to dismiss them.

It might be clearly seen that my father partook of all the troubles of life, that he opposed no natural impression of received maxims, or of official councils, that he penetrated into your bosom to console you, and placed himself exactly in your position to judge of your case. Nobody experienced more than I that ingenuous bounty, which made him conceive the sentiments of another age, of another situation than his own, I will not only say with justice, but with a partiality against himself. He resided in a country which was not my country, where the sciences are infinitely more cultivated than literature; he was sensibly alive to

the misfortune which made me experience the contention of my tastes, between my friends who called me back to France, and the pain of leaving him even for a few months. He took my part against others, sometimes against myself, and with earnestness, when I now and then reproached myself, in not knowing, like him, how to support the want of that emulation of thought and of distinction which doubles life and its resources; he encouraged me in my bias towards France; he cherished the recollections he had left there, and endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to preserve that country to my family.

I saw him, oh Heaven! for the last time, on that adieu the most tender, the most fraught with the prospect of a speedy re-union, that our blind hopes had ever experienced. Mr. Mathieu de Montmorenci, whom the highest virtues never divert from the delicate attentions of friendship, — Mr. de Montmorenci, already so respectable, and always generous, was then at Coppet with me. He saw my father employ himself in the smallest particulars that related to my happiness. He saw him bless me: ah! that blessing, which Heaven has not confirmed! In that absence I was to lose my father, brother, friend; he whom I would have chosen as the sole object of my affection, had not Heaven created me in another generation.

No one like him has ever imparted the idea of a guardianship almost supernatural. The characteristic of his mind was the art of finding resources in almost all difficulties, and his character was that rare combination of prudence and activity which provides for every thing without compromising any thing. During the troubles in France, even when I was separated from him, I believed myself preserved by him. I never imagined any great misfortune could reach me. He lived; I was sure he would come to my assistance, and that his eloquent language and venerable ascendancy would have

snatched me from the recesses of a prison, had I been thrown there. In writing to him, I almost always called him my tutelar angel. It was thus that I felt his influence; and it seemed to me that the responsibility of my fate concerned him more than myself. I depended on him to repair my faults: nothing appeared to me without remedy during his life. It is only since his death that I have really known terror, and that I have lost that sanguine temper of youth which leans on its own strength to obtain all it wishes. My strength was his; my confidence was derived from his support. Does this protecting genius still exist around me? Will he tell me what to hope or fear? Will he guide my steps? Will he extend his wings over my children, whom he has blest with his dying voice? And can I discern him sufficiently in my heart to consult him and listen to him still?

My father allowed me, in his retirement, to converse with him many hours every day. I never feared to interrupt him, and on all subjects I asked his opinion. He composed all his works at certain fixed hours in the day, without ever having neglected either his business or his friends; and when I happened to go into his study, even during these hours, I was sure of obtaining a look which told me it gave him pleasure. O! that look, that paternal welcome, I shall never receive it again! I am there, in that very study, surrounded by objects that belonged to him, my whole thought, my whole heart, calls on him, but in vain! O! what then is that barrier which separates the living from those who are no more! It must needs be terrible; for a being so good, a being who so much loved me, a witness of my despair, surely, if it were in his power, would come to my assistance.

One of the great charms of my intercourse with my father was his lively relish of all the events of life. He was not fond of these conversations which turn merely on abstract questions. He had such a

store of ideas that it was impossible to furnish him with any new ones; but as he was particularly to be admired for his acquaintance with the human heart, all that tended to develop the characters and passions of men sensibly interested him.— Nothing wearied him so much as general ideas when they were common. “Yes,” said he to me once, “I had rather a man came and told me the simplest fact, described to me what colour the carriage was he had just met in the street, than to come, like a spark of the day, with ‘I don’t know, sir, whether you are of my way of thinking, but it is my opinion that self-love is the great *mobile* of all our actions,’ or any other maxim equally hackneyed.” The taste which I knew belonged to my father for facts and for characters, had induced me never to distract my attention from these objects, and I learnt nothing, I remarked nothing, that I did not connect with the idea of relating or writing it to him. When I was at a distance from my father I still lived with him by the pleasure of collecting all that could give animation to our conversations on his return, or by acquainting him in advance with all I knew. He has often told me that he desired nothing in the world but my recitals, and that it was sufficient to send me abroad for them, to enjoy all their amusement without fatigue. He listened with so much interest, there was so much pleasure in telling them to him, that I cease to recognize myself, now that my life is arrested, and I can no longer give him an account of it. The greatest events have passed before me like shadows; his reflections, his thoughts, his sentiments could no longer give them a being in my eyes.

When I was absent from him he was constantly present to me, not only from his interest in all the events of life, but from his still more intimate concern for my fate, and that of my children. In my last and fatal journey, what precautions did he not devise to protect me and

my daughter against what he called the dangers of the road! His adorable letters all contain long details on this subject, and sometimes he even almost apologized for it, in owning that his continual uneasiness arose from paternal weakness. I was so well acquainted with that angelic weakness, I enjoyed it with so much voluptuousness, that one day near Naumberg, in Germany, in our way to Berlin, my daughter and I fell into the snow, and, when we were extricated, I took so great a pleasure in relating our adventure at Coppet, to see him tremble for us in all that had passed, vexing himself with me and those about me. Ah! we are thus beloved only by a father, by a father in years, who no longer believes in the certainty of life; our cotemporaries are so sanguine, both with respect to themselves and us! Delicious protection! that of a generation which precedes us. Disinterested love! love that makes us feel every moment that we are young, that we are beloved, that the earth is still our own! Ah! when this generation passes away, we feel ourselves in our turn unsheltered from death, and left the foremost to encounter him.

In the spring of this terrible year I was happy in Germany. I had recovered a spirit of emulation by the residence I had made in a country sincere, enlightened, enthusiastic, and which had deigned to receive the daughter of Mr. Necker, as if Germany had been the spot where he had consecrated his fortune, his virtues, and his genius. In the letters of recommendation my father had given me, he called me “his only and cherished daughter,” and noble minds thought well of her whom such a man had honoured with such a name. I know not whether Providence designed that the thunder should reach me in the midst of happiness; but my mind, chilled by bitter ingratitude, had been restored in receiving a generous welcome. I had formed plans of works to make known the

German literature in France ; I had collected a world of notes to converse with my father, to ask his advice on subjects of all descriptions ; I had amused myself in calculating minutely on the almanack the precise day of my departure ; and my my father, jesting on my mania for dates, wrote to me, that, on the same day, at the same hour, he should quit Geneva to return and wait for me at Coppet. In fine, and it is this circumstance that should alarm the human destiny, my father, in the last of his letters which preceded his illness, wrote to me, " My child, enjoy without inquietude all the pleasure you meet with in the society of Berlin, for I have not felt for a long time past so good a state of health." These words had lulled me into a security altogether foreign to my habitual character. My life had never passed so lightly ; never was I more completely distracted from all those thoughts which forerun affliction. On the morning of the 18th of April, one of my friends placed upon my table at Berlin two letters which announced the illness of my father. The courier who brought them, the terrible intelligence he was charged with, was all concealed from me. That very moment I set out ; but even till I came to Wiemar the idea that I had been deceived, the idea that he was no more, had not glanced on my mind. When I could no longer doubt it, I believe my most cruel enemies would have pitied what I suffered ; but it is not to obtain pity that I say it : in France, particularly, this sentiment seems to have been long exhausted. I speak of myself only to assist a true estimation of him, by the impression he made on one susceptible of distractions, on one who but for him never would have plunged so deeply into the abysses of life.

To say that death would have been preferable to the grief I then experienced, is to say nothing.—Who has not felt this emotion for a much less calamity ? But I would

convey an idea of all that was unique in the character of my father, and in his influence on the happiness of others. If I were told, " You shall be reduced to the most complete poverty, but you shall have your father in his youth as the companion of your life," the most delightful futurity would present itself to my imagination ; I should see his intelligence re-commencing our fortune ; his dignity supporting my consideration ; the variety of his mind preserving me from the monotony of life, and his ingenuous devotion to all he loved, leading me to discover a thousand enjoyments combined by hope and moderation. If I were told, " You are going to lose your sight ; all that nature which surrounds you is going to vanish from your eyes ; you shall no more see your children, but your father will be your cotemporary ; he will give you his arm ; you will hear his voice ; your father, who is never weary of misfortune, whose pity was inexhaustible, who possessed the most admirable talent of consoling, the most ingenuous solicitude to soothe the soul ; your father, to whom you opened your whole soul, will accompany all your steps in life"—I should cherish such a lot more than independence without support.

My father, in the spring of that year, lived at Geneva, surrounded by his friends, and particularly by his elder brother, whom he had always esteemed and cherished from the bottom of his heart ; his niece, my dearest friend, the daughter of the celebrated physician of Saussure, was also near him. It was she who, like a sister, replaced me in my absence. Madame Necker, of Saussure has had the art of comprising, in the most regular circle of domestic life, a superior mind, and her disposition, practised in every affection, was a surety to me that she would have hastened to recal me if my father's health had given her any inquietude. A violent and rapid disorder seized him almost at the moment when the

physicians thought him quite restored from some infirmities of the winter, at the moment when he was most enjoying life, when, in all the vigour of his intellect and feeling, he might for many years have continued to make himself illustrious by his writings, and directed the fate of my children. I have found, in the notes which I had written for his own use, words full of serenity, of happiness, and tenderness. "Seventy," says he, "is an agreeable age for writing. You have not yet lost your powers; envy begins to forsake you; and you hear, in advance, the soft voice of posterity."

"You are old (says he, somewhere else), but full of life in your love for your children: must all this be deposited in the bosom of the grave?"

Ah! he regretted us, and we could not retain him; and when he wrote, in one of his thoughts, "In losing a friend we think only of our own regret; ought we not also to think of the regret of that friend in parting from those he loves!" it seems to me that he was still fond of life. Affections so gentle, and recollections so pure, no doubt in all situations impart a value to existence; it is in the season of the passions that the heart is torn with bitterness.

Many times, in our conversations, my father mildly lamented seeing his years hasten away. Once he said to me, "Why am I not your brother?—I should protect you throughout your life." My God! to a truly feeling heart such reflections should bring instant death.

It was sometimes a cruel reflection to love so ardently a man so much older than yourself, to have no power over that invincible necessity which is one day to separate you, to break the heart against that barrier, to feel that he would wish to live for you, live to love you, and to be incapable of snatching from your own bosom that life which agitated you, that life which devours you, at least to share it with him.

One of the most surprising wonders in the moral world is that for-

getfulness of death in which we all exist, that frivolity of sensations which makes us float so lightly on the waves. I am not astonished that susceptible minds, suddenly seized with this idea, should have retired to the solitude of cloisters, and surrounded themselves with the most gloomy objects, to establish the more harmony between their early and their later days. Alas! we know not in youth, we know not till the arrival of some great misfortune, what it is to trust to our fate no more. Not a day do I separate myself from the objects that are left to me; but every noise seems to come from that messenger at Berlin who changed my destiny for ever; poetry, music, those inexhaustible sources of tender melancholy, painfully affect my heart with bitter soothing; I cannot persuade myself that he is not present, that my tears will not recal him to life; those deep emotions, once so delicious, those emotions to which I am indebted for talent and enthusiasm, only tend to restore in my breast the grief which has been lulled by the common occupations of the journey.

There is a window of my father's cabinet at Coppet which looks on the wood where he had built the tomb of my mother and his own; from this window an avenue also appears, where every time I quitted him he came to bid me adieu, and to salute me with his white handkerchief, which I continued to perceive at a distance. One of the evenings which I passed with him last summer in this same cabinet, after conversing familiarly for some time, I put the question to himself, to him who seemed destined to preserve me from all that could befall me, even from his own loss, what would become of me if ever it must fall to my lot to endure it? "My child," said he to me, with a faltering voice, with an emotion that was celestial, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Ah! the storm has not spared me; and it was at the moment when I was de-

prived of my own country, that another country, my paternal seat, became to me a tomb.

I shall no doubt be blamed for printing among the thoughts my father left behind him those which contain some eulogies on myself; but I do not fear to avow that nothing on earth affords me so much pride as the eulogies bestowed on me by my father. Far from suppressing them, I could have wished to have been able to reprint in this collection both the note relative to me which is annexed to the miscellaneous pieces of my mother, and the letters concerning my fate which he addressed last year to one of the first functionaries of the state. I should have had no enemies. I should only have met with that which was my due, because it was what I experienced, good-will, in shielding myself with this magnificent testimony; but it is at present my ægis, and it shall be my safeguard to the tomb, where we shall one day all three be united.

Let who will then indulge this observation, a mighty pleasant one at the brink of the grave, "that we are a family who praise each other." Yes, we have loved each other, we have felt it necessary to express it, and ever disdaining to repel the attacks of our enemies, to make use of our talents against them, we have opposed them in common with one proud and elevated sentiment, of which I alone am left the sad but faithful repository.

My father writes in one of his notes, "What a singular family is ours!" Singular it is, but may it be permitted to remain so. The crowd will not press in the road it has chosen; and posterity only will pronounce whether my father did right to sacrifice so many immediate advantages to the suffrages of ages.

He particularly admired the expression of St. Augustine, in speaking of the Divinity, "*Patiens quia eternus*," patient because eternal. Man, feeble as he is; man, when he has pretensions to glory, to terrestrial immortality, ought to be pa-

tient, if he would wish to be eternal.

My father, as it will be seen in his reflections, often occupied his mind with death. He had endeavoured to render it familiar to his imagination; and perhaps he would have talked of it oftener with me, if the difference of our ages had not made the subject too painful to me. But fortunately this word, the difference of our ages, has only a transient sense. I shall also experience those agonies of that death which he has felt, and when they are advancing on me, he will appear to my imagination; into his arms I shall prepare to throw myself. He says, in one of his notes, "Suppose you have seen the crowd which will attend your funeral, and all is said." Did he figure to himself the profound grief his loss has occasioned? and did his penetrating thought follow the minutiae of the most terrible images? Passing afterwards to those mournful ideas, to that delicacy of sentiment which no private man, much less public man, ever possessed like him, he remarks on some childish word he had heard from my daughter, a word the sensibility of which had affected him, he adds, in speaking of her, "I wish some one would come and bring me news of her." It is I, my father, who will be the first to bring you those tidings. Ah! Providence, who wishes to retain us sometime on the earth, has done well to cover with a veil the hope of the life to come. If our sight could distinguish clearly the opposite bank, who would remain on this desolate coast!

My father's disorder soon threw him into a delirium. It was then that his soul, without any relation to exterior objects, displayed itself in all its elevation and sensibility. He always spoke of religion with affection and respect: he supplicated with ardour the indulgence and mercy of God. What are we if such a man thought he required forgiveness? He blest his three children; he blest his daughter: placing his hand on his heart, he re-

peated several times, with all the beautiful expression of his countenance, with all the energy of his soul, "She has loved me dearly." Yes, assuredly she has loved you dearly ! He was very uneasy about my future lot. Several times in the course of his fever he showed signs of alarm lest his last work might have injured me ; he pitied me in losing him. The most tender thoughts engrossed him ; his public career, his celebrity, were forgotten ; his affections and his virtues predominated in those moments of abasement when ordinary men evince nothing but personalities and weaknesses.

His will begins in these words ; " I thank the Supreme Being for the lot he has given me on earth, and I commit with confidence my future destiny to his goodness and mercy." Thus, in spite of all he had suffered, he was content with his destiny, without pride, and without humility ; he must have been sensible it had been illustrious, and that time would consecrate its glory.

The last words he uttered were between God and himself " Great God (he exclaimed), receive thy servant, who is advancing with rapid steps towards death." His prayer has doubtless been heard : Heaven has favoured him, but not his unhappy daughter ; she heard not the last accents of his voice ; she did not support him at this terrible crisis ; she was passing her life in joy and peace at the moment he was perishing.

In his discourse on charity he has said, " How improving, how magnificent, is that last moment, when the good man, looking back on all his past life, can borrow the language of Job, and say with truth, " I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Admirable prediction of his own end ! In the same discourse he shows, with a sagacity at once shrewd and affecting, every

species of benefit that may be conferred on the afflicted, all the consolations that can be offered to the sufferings of the soul. It is there that may be seen all the inexhaustible resources of a superior mind inspired by goodness. Alas ! does it not seem that in the same day, by the same loss, pity decayed and pride was abased ; for generous souls were delighted to think that at the foot of the Alps a great and good man applauded their exercises, took part in their troubles, and by his writings still encouraged the love of moral beauty, and that elevation of soul, a chosen and religious joy, which compensates every other. There is now an end of this refuge, there is now an end of the pleasure of being recompensed by the approbation of a virtuous man, by those words so cordial and so soothing which in his noble age he addressed to the young, who were still captivated with proud thoughts. His universal consideration was a powerful authority for the good of all countries ; and I am not the only one to feel that death which leaves desert so vast a space in the world, where talent and virtue still find an abode.

The world may certainly have seen careers more fortunate, names more dazzling, fortune more lasting, and success more uniform ; but a similar devotion to the French nation, a genius so virtuous, a character so good, a heart so noble and so tender, will be seen no more ; neither mankind nor I shall ever see it again.

Copied, October 25, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHINESE CHARACTERS.

THE Chinese characters are so contrived as to convey to the eye the meaning of ideas both simple and compound ; but allusions are made not merely to the general features and qualities of nature, nor to human passions and affections, nor to obvi-

ous metaphors and allegories, but to local customs, national habits, and peculiar trains of thinking. To learn the language with facility, a man ought to possess the talent of solving riddles and enigmas; what in conversation or in oratory must be insufferable, every character, however compound, is represented only by a monosyllabic sound; consequently the sound for a compound word has no connection with the sounds for the elements of the compound. With us, such words as house-keeper, chair-man, chamber-maid, table-cloth, would be understood by a foreigner who knew the meaning of the sounds of the component parts: but the Chinese denote the word *happiness*, for instance, by one monosyllabic sound, "*foo*," which is compounded of four distinct characters, signifying, *shee*, a demon, *ye*, one, *koo*, a mouth, and *tien*, a piece of cultivated ground. A man possessing the learning and genius of Aristotle would not necessarily be able to comprehend that the combination of these four symbols designates *happiness*.

The inhabitants of the southern and northern provinces of China do

not understand each other in conversation: the sound in Pekin for *one* in Canton expresses *two*. Every province, and, indeed, every district, whose local boundaries are defined, has a peculiar dialect. But the *written* language of China is understood by the inhabitants of Japan, Tonquin, and Cochin-China: though, if pronounced, it is mutually unintelligible.

Hence it appears, that the scheme of a philosophical and universal character, which so many European sages have laboured to invent, has been introduced and completely established in the east of Asia. By a universal character is meant such a one as will make those intelligible to each other in *writing* who are not so in *speech*. No European could expect that the use of such a character would extend beyond the people of Europe and their descendants in both hemispheres, but the Chinese character is used by several independent nations, and by a portion of the human race at least twice as numerous as the Turks and christians in Europe, and the whites in America taken together.

x.

For the Literary Magazine.

PETER POETASTER'S *Notification-Recommendatory*
of the Article AMERICAN LETTERS, in the Boston Review.

Mr. Editor,

IN the Monthly Anthology [a word from the Greek, signifying *to gather flowers*] and Boston Review, for February last, there is an account of *The American Letters*, lately published, by a Native of Pennsylvania; which displays such *unusual* talents for *selecting the beautiful*, and breathes a spirit so *patriotic*, in a vein of such accurate, and candid criticism; that I have been induced to undertake the friendly task of comparing, for the benefit of your Readers, the Boston Critic, with the Pennsylvania Tourist. The Man

of taste will be surprised to find how *exactly* the opinions of the Anthologist will coincide with his own.

The Reviewer begins his remarks with a truth that no one can dispute, who is *at all* acquainted with the state of American Literature, namely, that "no book was ever less wanted than the Pennsylvanian's;" and he justly complains, that "his track is so faint" [that is, that he says so little about himself, and the usual personalities of *where* HE lodged, and *what Great Man* HE dined with] "that we are half the time out of sight of our guide."

'The perpetual "Columbianisms," or references to American history, American manners, and American scenery, with which the work abounds (under the idle apprehension that such trite allusions could be agreeable to an *American Reader*, or, indeed, to any Reader whatever) are reprobated with deserved severity. Such (for instance) as where "the Pennsylvanian" calls the Black Forest,

'the impenetrable retreat of German Barbarians, in the days of all-conquering Rome, as are now the Back-Woods of America, to the copper-coloured Race, whom we, in our turn, call Indian Savages.'

Where he mentions the jealous watchfulness with which the Swiss republics guarded their political institutions from the intervention of Foreigners; and takes occasion to remark that

'In America the love of equal freedom has carried the liberal Framers of our Constitutions to an opposite extreme. The rapid influx of *Foreigners* (says he) admitted almost without restriction to every privilege of Citizenship, may imperceptibly *alienate* the Public Councils, as well as the National manners of our peaceful Country.'

And where he declares that a true Son of Columbia will return from Foreign Countries,

'no longer apprehensive of serious injury to the State from Fellow-Citizens, of either Party, who alike administer its Government, under the check of election, and the pledge of responsibility: though he may lament that a change in the presidency must displace the Servants of the Public, through every grade of Administration; and that the test of eligibility, with the People themselves, is not so much those old-fashioned qualifications, plain-sense and inflexible integrity, as the eloquence of a Barrister, or the zeal of a Partizan. For my own part (exclaims our Author) at that amalgamating distance, I could see but one spot in my beloved Country—It is a dark one—but time and principle

are wearing it out.—I trust in God the Advocates for European Despotism will not much longer be allowed to say, "Nothing is hereditary—but *Slavery*—in the American Republic!"

Enough of these "Columbianisms."—Yet they are so natural to a Western Traveller, that it is difficult perhaps for a *Native American* to avoid them—however desirable it may be.

"The Cathedral of Berne," says the learned Critic (without citing his authority) "is the most imposing and solemn Gothic pile in Europe." Again (with equal accuracy and elegance), "The next objects of grandeur in Switzerland to the Alps surround the Lake of the Four Cantons. Mr. S. has passed this Lake, and passed it *without observation*. Its borders are the extent of the sublimest scenery."

Mr. S. (it is true) *only* mentions this same Lake of the Four Cantons in *three different* places; one of which I should quote, if it were not rather *long* for my purpose*.

"Of the political changes and oppressions," says the clear-sighted Anthologist, or *Gatherer of the flowers of Literature*, "of the old states of Milan, Lodi, Parma, Modena, Bologna, he says *nothing*."

And it must be allowed to be strictly true that *nothing at all* transpires, upon that head, from the superficial Writer of The American Letters, but such obscure hints as the following; from which it is plain, that *no political* ideas can *possibly* be collected—even by optics *more* capable of seeing through a mill-stone than those of the penetrating Anthologist.

* See Vol. I. pp. 66 to 71 inclusive.

'The Duke of Parma is suffered to preserve his dominions, whilst all around him crouches under the ascendancy of France; under favour of his affinity to the crown of Spain—the tributary ally of *la grande Nation*. The connection is of a degree of consanguinity, common in the Royal Families of Spain and Portugal; though forbidden by the canons of the Church. If I mistake not, the mixed relationship (for I have never studied the genealogy of Princes—lineal, or collateral, with profound attention) the present king married the sister of the present duke; and the duke's son—now, *by the grace of Bonaparte*, king of Etruria, married the king's daughter. This is now the only part of Italy, north of the Apennines, that wears its old political face—powdered with Princes, and patched with Priests. Near the town we met four monks—big and burly, taking the air in the duke's coach; and the sentinels, who demanded our passports at the gate, were dressed in white (the Bourbon uniform) and wore their hair in clubs and powder, instead of the *sans-culotte* crop.'

"How cold and stupid must he be," says the Boston Reviewer, and Monthly Anthologist, or *Gatherer of the flowers of Literature* (I love to give the whole name, as the Vicar used to say, when speaking of Miss Carolina, Wilhelmmina, Amelia—Skeggs*)—"How cold and stupid must he be, who has gazed on the figures "of Day and Night, and of morning and evening Twilight [at Florence] not to mention *more* "than their *mere* names and "place! *Who* could view these (exclaims the indignant Critic—kindling into wrath) without "beholding the splendour of Day, "breaking from a body of marble? or without feeling his "whole soul overshadowed with "the thick and impenetrable "darkness of Night? Or *who* (continues the *clear-sighted* Anthologist) would not perceive

* Goldsmith—Vicar of Wakefield—Sketches of High Life.

"his sight was dimmed, and that "light was mysteriously stealing "away from every surrounding "object, in the effect of the figures of Twilight? These are "the powers of a genius so bright, "so mysterious, and so—dark, as "that of Michael Angelo!"

Have patience, gentle Reader, and thou shalt hear how the effect of these impressive objects has been *dissipated* by the "cold and stupid" genius of "the Pennsylvanian" Tourist.

'Behind the high altar of the Church of San Lorenzo, is the costly Mausoleum of the Medicean Princes, which remained unfinished, when the aspiring Family became extinct. It is an octagon of fifty feet diameter, crowned with a dome; the walls of which are lined with Sicilian jasper, and richly inlaid with precious stones. Upon six of its sides are marble sarcophaguses, designed by the prolific genius of Michael Angelo, two of which are surmounted by Regal crowns, placed upon cushions of red jasper, and studded with transparent gems. Near it is the *Capella de Principi*—a secluded chapel, designed by the same creative pencil, and filled by the same various hand, with the tombs of Guiliano duke of Nemours, and brother of Leo X and Lorenzo duke of Urbino, on the right and left of the altar. Each of them exhibits its princely Occupant, in complete armour, sitting, within a niche, behind his tomb; the former accompanied by recumbent figures of Day and Night; the latter by Day-Break and Twilight—ideas happily emblematic of monumental fame, in which—as in the parish register,

—————*to be born and die*
Of Rich and Poor makes all the history.

"In his letter on Florence," says this *admirable critic* (who appears to have taken the *length* and *breadth* of every sentiment by a *stop-watch**) "the Author

* Sterne—Cant of Criticism—Garrick's *unusual* pauses in the Soliloquy of Richard III.

"has said little of this intellectual prodigy [Michael Angelo], "of the bright Galileo," &c.— "And he might have done *more* "than *merely* to mention the name "of Americus Vesputius."

What says "the Pennsylvanian"? Why, among other cursory remarks, which can only occupy the critical Reader, while he might pull out his *time-piece*, and set it to the moment,

'The Cathedral Church, remarkable for the first dome that was raised in Europe, after the decline of the Roman Empire, was begun in 1294 by Arnolfo, the disciple of Cimabue, and finished in 1445 by Brunellesco, the contemporary of Michael Angelo. *The Prince of Architects* is here said to have complimented his Fellow Citizen, when he was himself employed in swelling the hemisphere of St. Peter's, in an Italian adage, *Come te non volo; meglio de te non posso* [I will not imitate thee, though I cannot excel.]. But this unmerited flattery savours too little of the conscious superiority of genius, ever to have escaped the Painter of the Prophets and Sibyls of the *Capella Sistina*. The dome of *Santa Maria del fiore* (for most of the Cathedrals of Italy are dedicated to the Virgin) is nothing more than a vast and gloomy concave, dimly impressed with the innumerable figures of the Last Judgment—trembling before the dreaded Tribunal of final recompenses; while the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, inclosed below it from vulgar profanation, swarms alike with Equivocal Beatitudes, and Candidates for Purgatory. Behind the dingy altar is a marble *Pieta* [the mournful Mother weeping over the body of her Son] said to be the last work of Michael Angelo—at which the superannuated sculptor was arrested by the hand of Death.'—'In the Church of Santa Croce, belonging to a convent of Benedictines, a Gothic edifice, erected by Arnolfo, in 1294, are seen a number of interesting monuments; particularly those of Galileo—the precursor of Astronomical truth, and of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, who died at Rome in his 89th year, but was here interred, by command of the reigning Duke.'

"The Pennsylvanian," it is true, says something, in a note, about the *persecution of Galileo by the Bigots of his Age*; and he begins a letter with mentioning the birth-place of *Americus Vesputius, the refuted Discoverer of the Western Continent*: but as he presently loses sight of that Hero in a "fulsome" effusion to the memory of "one" Christopher Columbus, the Reader will spare us the invidious task of "troubling" him with the repetition of such *unmeaning* rhapsodies; which must be *particularly* disgusting to "an American." For as the Critic observes (*with unexampled nationality*) "our author is an American, and for that reason troubles his Countrymen with his Travels."

Lest the epithet "one," apparently so contemptuous, should be thought to be *unfairly* cited, from the Boston Inspector of *American Productions*, I think it prudent to give the expression *literally*. It occurs in speaking of the obscure Proprietor of Bush-Hill, and The Woodlands, two Mansion-Houses, whose turrets are not quite out of sight of a town called Philadelphia, one of which (like the chief seat of the Earls of Tilney, near London) is neglected by the tasteless owner for more favourite retreats; and the grounds of the other (like the Royal Gardens at Kew) are open to Visitors of genteel appearance from morning till night.

"The Work," says he, "is dedicated to a Mr. Hamilton, partly on account of his liberal application to Horticulture."

A Mr. Hamilton, as a body might say, in speaking of *such people*, as the QUINCEYS and the CODDINGTONS of Massachusetts, the LIVINGSTONS and the VAN RENSSLAERS of New York, the PINCKNEYS of Carolina, and the CARROLS and the RANDOLPHS of Maryland and Virginia. Yet, if the Boston Reviewer had ever peeped into the History of Pennsylvania, he might

have come across some of the chapters which make mention of *one* JAMES HAMILTON, who was twice Lieutenant Governor, in the last years of the Proprietaries. *This same* insignificant Personage was besides the earliest patron of a Mr. West (another *Native of Pennsylvania*) of whom *possibly* the Reviewer may have heard—as *some-time* President of the Royal Academy; and if he ever turned over the frivolous Account of the Adventures of a Printer's Boy, with which *his Countryman* DR. FRANKLIN has "troubled" the world, he may perchance have stumbled upon the lucky accident by which *young Ben* got a birth in the ship's cabin, on his first voyage across the Atlantic. It was neither more nor less than the detention of a *certain* ANDREW HAMILTON (the father of *the aforesaid James*, and the grandfather of *the said Mister*), for whose accommodation the cabin had been engaged, and stores provided, to which *Franklin* (*lucky dog!*) fell heir; as *the said Andrew* (being a lawyer of little note) was sent for, express, after the vessel had dropped down the river, to be retained in some trifling cause, then pending in Pennsylvania. "Partly" "on account of his liberal application to Horticulture."—*Novices* in criticism may think this might have been (at worst) a *venial* sin, in the estimation of a *professed Gatherer of flowers*: but the Boston Florist had never gathered any, himself, in such a garden as The Woodlands, nor ever heard of any body else that had.—How should he? Since the Woodland Collection of Plants has not been more than thirty years in forming, and does not contain above three thousand varieties, at the most—whether the same be particularised by such vulgar "Indianisms," as squashes—and pumpkins—and calabashes; or ramified and graduated, *secundum artem*, by the "hotch-potch" nomenclature of Professor LINNÆUS, himself, into classes, genera, and

species—*descript*, or *non-descript*, in the *hocus focus* vocabulary of Scientific Classification*!

"We are now," says the Anthologist (on the author's arriving at Rome) "in the ancient Capital of the World, and seem forever to have lost our Guide among ruined Temples, and falling Monuments. We sometimes see him leaning against a tottering column, and sometimes catch him gliding through the broken arches of huge aqueducts; and so do we the lean and cold-blooded Priest, and the fat and sweltering Cyprian. Here again (continues the calm Reviewer) is the same *fulsome* inflation of the Writer's style, and, because his subject is more sublime, he thinks he must become more turgid. It will be too fatiguing to us, and too uninteresting to our readers, to trace the heavy and Gothic feet of our author, through the solemn and dark ruins of Imperial Rome. We will not profane its deep gloom, and awful assemblage of stupendous objects, by here holding communion with him.

"Of St. Peter's he has said much, and much incorrectly. In his history of it he asserts that it was three hundred years in building; it was but a hundred and six. Instead of its being begun in 1450, in the

* I say nothing of such elegant *Anglicisms* as toad-flax, or deadly-nightshade [the *Antirrhinum Linaria*, and *Atropa Belladonna*, of Linnæus] still less will I perplex my text with such unintelligible *double-meanings* as Fly-trap, or Snap-dragon [the *Dionæa Muscipula*, and *Antirrhinum majus*, of the Schools.]

"time of Pope Nicholas fifth, it
"was commenced under Julio
"second, in 1506," &c.

Now these are historical inaccuracies, which are not to be denied; for although the foundation might have been laid by Nicholas V, the celebrated Restorer of Learning in Italy (as would, indeed, appear from Vasi's Itinerary of Rome) and modern Travellers may aver that the Sacristy was finished by the late Pope, Pius VI, yet the shell of the building was probably run up in little more than a century, as the sapient Critic (no doubt *correctly*) observes.

The Anthologist having vented his spleen in the foregoing placid remarks, it may be deemed somewhat superfluous in him to add:

"We must now confess, that
"we have no sympathy in a single description of Mr. S. at
"Rome; and we can remain
"with him there no longer. He
"evidently has a soul, which can
"reflect no brightness in the full
"splendour of St. Peter's, and
"which can feel no melan-
"choly in the fading glory of the
"Coliseum."

Upon this head I shall quote no examples from the Author (the Critic himself has quoted none). Indeed the fact must be so *manifest* to every impartial Reader (whether of the *original Review*, or of these my corroborative strictures) that it would be wasting time to exhibit proofs. Yet if any one should remain dissatisfied with the unbiassed testimony of the Anthologist, who no doubt (according to his bounden duty) has faithfully reported *all the beauties he could find*, I refer the Curious to the first volume of the Letters in question—the historical and philological passages of the second volume having been passed over, by the judicious Critic, as un-

worthy of any notice or animadversion whatsoever*.

"He speaks of Tivoli," says the learned Reviewer, "as if
"its peculiarity consisted in its
"having once been a splendid
"city, and *not* in the classical
"remembrance of the sweet retirement of Horace, where he
"spent such merry times with
"Mæcenas; *nor* in the splendour
"and magnificence of the villas
"of Lucullus and Adrian."

In this *single* item I cannot agree with the learned Critic, as the Author (with all his oversights) certainly quotes the *very same* dull passage of Horace, which the profound Anthologist triumphantly displays, as *his own* recollection; and employs, besides, I know not how many pages, in a description of the villa of Adrian, which may be said to be *tediously minute*. The Boston *Naturalist* must have missed whole pages at a time, when scrutinizing the *Hortus-Siccus* of Roman Ruin (no doubt) by unintentional mistake. I shall take him again for my guide, where he so *pertinently* exclaims,

* For a similar instance of calm investigation and acute discernment, I refer the Reader to the opinions of that renowned Critic, Mr. JOHN DENNIS, in his Treatise upon the Life and Writings of Alexander Pope.—"His precepts," says the Sage, "are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions absurd; his numbers harsh and unmusical; his rhymes trivial and common. Instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have, but too often, obscurity and confusion." Of the Poem called Windsor Forest, saith the learned Critic: "It is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in imitation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham. The Author of it is obscure. He is ambiguous—affected—temerarious—barbarous."

"We cannot refrain from extracting the following sinking, mock-heroic sentiment :"

"I saw the sun go down on the crumbling walls of the villa of Adrian; and, at ten o'clock at night, as I sit, in a large room, scantily furnished, and hung round with the scrawls of wandering Travellers, I hear the roar of the Anio, and my windows rattle with a rising blast, *that whistles through the shattered columns of the Temple of Vesta*. It reminds me that I am alone, five thousand miles from my own fire-side.—The thought is serious—it stops my rambling pen."

The words in italics are *unaccountably* left out by the accurate Anthologist; and he commits the same *oversight* in quoting the Author upon the then quiet state of Vesuvius, omitting, *the continual bubbling of the liquid lava*, which produced the sound that *exactly* resembled the boiling of a cauldron.

*As Controversers, in vouch'd texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them
clear the doubt*.*

Of the Author's description of the Coast of Baia the Critic coolly says nothing, to leave room for *five* ample quotations of *his own*, from the Latin Poets, "on these subjects of pleasant enquiry," to use the words of the Anthologist, which are so remarkably adapted to the sublimity of Classical allusion.

"Our Author," says the Critic (summing up the evidence against the Literary Offender, in the style of a Recorder of London, passing sentence of death at the Old Bailey) "does not stand

* Dr. Donne—Satire II, which is thus versified by Pope :

"As, in quotation, *shrewd Divines* leave out
Those words that would against them
clear the doubt."

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"charged merely with having violated the laws of writing, he is still more *criminal* by his forgery of words. This is a crime so *atrocious*, that we can receive no motion for the arrest of judgment, and no petition for the extension of pardon. If the following are not words of his own formation, they are *Indianisms*, with which we are not acquainted: from their *length* we should take them for the names of Indian roots. Swamped, insurrectionary, importunacy, romantically."

The decisions of so *profound* a Casuist, of such a *learned Judge*,

*A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!**

will undoubtedly be confirmed in the High-Court of Public Opinion, without exception, or appeal. I shall therefore leave these "atrocious" expressions, to suffer the punishment, justly, due, to their *unpardonable* "criminality:" though I must say that the terms in which sentence hath been passed upon them, remind me of the lenient charges of Chief Justice Jefferies, under the merciful Commission that condemned and executed the Abettors of Monmouth's Rebellion.

"The *laughable* application of the following terms," says the *hitherto* phlegmatic Anthologist (*now* assuming a *humorous* tone) "brings strongly to our mind the manner of a Quack's prescription: sinister ray, cubic

* Shakespeare—Merchant of Venice—*Shylock* to Portia; when he awards him the forfeit of *his* bond :

"A pound of this same Merchant's flesh is thine,
The law doth give it, and the Court awards it."

"cottages, transfix'd waves, spir-
"ral protuberances, monotony
"of silence, hillocks of the Apen-
"nines, rainbow of a nave, ini-
"mitable taste of time."

These truly ridiculous and un-
meaning expressions actually occur
in the following passages of our Au-
thor. I shall insert some of them,
at length; to remove *all doubts* of
my own veracity, and *that* of a Cri-
tic in whose sagacious decisions I
shall *ever* be proud to concur.

'The Lake of Brienz is not so wide
as that of Thun, being hemmed in by
stupendous precipices that descend al-
most perpendicularly to the water's edge,
and render the navigation of it both dif-
ficult and dangerous. Dark clouds had
already begun to roll round the loftiest
peaks, and, as they descended along the
ravines, in whelming tornadoes, the last
gleam of sunshine—pale and colourless,
shot a *sinister ray* athwart impending
horrors. Night closed upon us by de-
grees, and we dashed from wave to
wave, in gloomy silence, till the moon
arose "in clouded majesty," over the
eastern ridges, and lighted us to the
place of our destination.'

'A Stranger, at his first visit to St.
Peter's, cursorily glances over the mar-
ble columns, the brazen gates, and the
stuccoed arches of the magnificent ves-
tibule; impatient to open upon the Mid-
dle Aisle, six hundred feet long, ninety
wide, and a hundred and fifty high.
But at first sight of the Corinthian Ar-
cade, glittering in white and gold, it
does not strike the disappointed Visitor,
as very long, very wide, or very high;
for neither length, breadth, nor height
predominate, in the dimensions of this
peerless Nave; and he doubts, for a
moment, whether he yet beholds the
largest, as well as the most beautiful
Structure that ever was erected by hu-
man hands. He compares St. Peter's
to the rival Edifices of London, Milan,
or Constantinople; and scarcely does
he suspect his error, till he approaches
one of the fonts, and perceives that the
Cherubs which support them are chubby
giants.—He looks up again at the re-
splendent vault, and discovers that he
cannot distinctly perceive the variegated

fret work of the immense compartments.
He turns his eye across the marble pave-
ment, and remarks that he can scarcely
hear the distant footstep, that slowly
advances on the other side of the Nave.
—He darts a glance of astonishment to-
ward the golden tribune, at the west
end of the temple, and if the setting sun
illumes the brazen Canopy, supported
over the Altar of the Dome, by twisted
columns, and irradiates the flaming glo-
ries that surround the Dove, descending
on St. Peter's Chair, as he approaches
the *bending radiance*, it will seem to fly
before him, *like the rainbow of a passing
shower*.'—On entering, for the first time,
this imposing Edifice, the eye is too much
dazzled by the splendour of the Nave
to remark its surrounding accompani-
ments, however commensurate; and the
most attentive observer scarcely descries,
athwart the vast arcades, the vaulted
roofs of the side chapels, glowing, at
an awful elevation, with symbolic ima-
gery, from the Visions of Ezekiel, and
the Revelations of John. In six ellipti-
cal compartments, three of them on
either hand, are displayed, in brilliant
mosaics, designed by the first Masters,
after the descriptions of the Prophets
and Evangelists, the splendid emblems
of supernatural agency that visibly ac-
companied the promulgation of the Law
of Moses, and the Gospel of Christ.
The religious or poetical Enthusiast may
stand astonished under the flying-chariot,
of the river of Chebar; or the throne set
in heaven, of the isle of Patmos—the
descending Glory that announced the
promised Saviour, when he was bap-
tized of John in Jordan; or the opening
heavens—as when the martyr Stephen
beheld the Son of the Virgin, standing
at the right hand of the Father Almighty.
But *the rainbow of the Nave* is altogether
independent of these sublime emanations;
and you may count its colours, or pursue
its flight, without ever perceiving the
transcendent appendages.'

'Passing by the gate of St. Lawrence
[in the suburbs of Rome] may be seen,
within the walls, the ruined Temple of
Minerva Medica, a majestic decagon,
whose soaring dome, irregularly perfo-
rated by decay, and hung round with
ivy, in *the inimitable taste of Time* and
Nature, has long formed one of those
picturesque objects, that Artists intuitively
select for elegant imitation.'

I have now, *Mr. Editor*, gone through the remarks of this liberal and judicious Critic; and *make no doubt*, that *your Readers* will be satisfied (in the words of the Anthologist) that "when the turgid answers "for the sublime, modern sentimentalconceit for natural and unaffected passion, and hard words for "peculiar ideas, the Pennsylvanian "will be thought a good writer."

I am, sir,

Yours, to serve,

PETER POETASTER,
Professor of Hyper-Criticism
in the University of Pennsylvania.

For the Literary Magazine.

JUVENILE ELOQUENCE.

I HAVE been much pleased with perusing an essay or oration, delivered, if I mistake not, by a juvenile orator, and in a juvenile society in this city, which has chanced to fall into my hands. A lively descant upon those motives which should impel young minds in the pursuit of knowledge is closed in the following judicious manner.

"In directing the tendency of our inquiries and researches," says the orator, "it will no doubt be useful, and indeed necessary, always to keep in view one of the maxims of the celebrated Rochefoucault, and to act coincidently with it. "There are," says he, "two kinds of curiosity. One of them, arising from interest, instigates us to learn what may be useful: the other, arising from pride, makes us eager to know what others are ignorant of." Let us, therefore, be governed by the nobler principle, whose effects he here delineates, our true interest: it will lead us to know those truths whose dissemination will be productive of utility to others, and highly honourable to ourselves.

"Where the influence of knowledge is directed by the voice of wisdom, man reigns uncontrouled monarch over the powers of dark-

ness and terror; the specious seducements of vice are not suffered to claim an unworthy pre-eminence over the products of virtue; and by attending to our highest interests, subjugating all our attainments to the dominion of real utility, and reducing them to this strict criterion, we advance nearer by imitation to our Divine Original, and approach that SOURCE, in which all perfection is centered, although placed at an infinite distance from our highest ascent!

"Who would not, then, be a votary of science? Who would refuse to follow whither she invites, and gently leads us on, when she declares, that the paths of knowledge are the paths of glory; and that the recesses of the temple of literature can be explored by industry, unfolded by genius, and illustrated by study? But we must learn which is the most important point. We will be compelled to see, that the centre of wisdom* is the accurate knowledge of that deceitful hypocrite, the human heart! There let us direct our eye; there let us form our analysis; examine, weigh, decide. Then, and then only, can we feel in its full force, and see in its most comprehensive extent, that *knowledge is power!*

"As an institution, therefore, which tends in some degree to rear us into men, and qualify us for these excellent attainments, I can behold this society with a peculiar interest, with an unaffected pleasure. For the advancements we may make, fostered by our *united* care, may mark with decision the future direction of our lives. And we must remember, that as the formation of our characters is placed in our own hands, we must stand or fall by our individual works; and every endeavour that we may use to subject our passions to the dominion of reason, to rectify our judgments by the grand regulating principles of truth and virtue, and to cause each emo-

* "Man, know thyself! All wisdom centres there."—YOUNG. N. 4.

tion of our hearts to act in harmony with science and religion, will demand from our fellow men, that deference, honour, and respect, which, however vicious and depraved the spirit of the world may be, *is always paid to rectitude.*

"Let us not, however, in our progress, be vain of our advances. This is a weakness unworthy of men, and as such, ought surely to be repressed and despised: so that I can with great propriety advise you, *be too proud to be vain!* Vanity tarnishes the pure lustre of real greatness, and deprives it of its highest glory. And when we reflect, that not only all our knowledge, but also all the talents and faculties that we possess, and which are necessary for its attainment and preservation, have been derived from a source, superior to human aid, of what can we justly boast? Surely there is more reason for the exercise of pious gratitude, than for the indulgence of vanity. And we must also recollect, that although the man of science may glory in his wisdom, and the strong man may rejoice in his superior strength, a time will come, when these things will be no longer in their possession. Humility is a precious gem, and it shines the brightest of all those that decorate the diadem which crowns man with his most valuable praise! For it is under its sacred influence, that we endeavour to repose on Him, who ought to be considered by every rational being, as "the haven, and the sabbath of all the contemplations of man."

"From these considerations, I can fondly anticipate that day, when, on reviewing the intimate connection which subsists between the various portions of the life of every individual, looking around on your different situations, and marking the separate and combined tendency of your past exertions as unfolded by the hand of Time, all of you will be enabled to hail with pleasure and with rapture, *these hours*, which you now devote to the cultivation of morality and literature."

For the Literary Magazine.

DARWIN'S STYLE.

DARWIN does not excel in pathos; nor is he one of those children of the muses who could have sung their "wood-notes wild;" but as a rich philosophical fancy constitutes a poet, the art of poetry was entirely his. No one has carried the curious mechanism of verse, and the magic of poetical diction, to higher perfection. His volcanic head flamed with imagination, but his torpid heart slept, unawakened by passion. He tried his poetry by a very contracted scale; for in a false system which he assumes in one of his dialogues, he would persuade us that the essence of poetry is description; that something of which a painter can make a picture. When a verse was picturesque, it was with him sufficiently poetical. But the language of the passions has rarely any connexion with this axiom. What he delineates as poetry itself, is but a province of poetry. Hence it is, that, guided by this absurd standard, he has composed a poem which is full, indeed, of fancy, and void of passion. Hence his processional splendour fatigues, his descriptive ingenuity soon loses its charm, and the deficiency of a connecting fable, art, with all its miracles, cannot supply.

For the Literary Magazine.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

ADVICES recently received in England from Naples contain curious details relative to the unrolling of the manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum: eleven persons are at present employed in unrolling and copying. The manuscripts hitherto inspected amount to about 140, eight of which have already been interpreted and transmitted to the minister Seratti, that they may be

examined by the academy, and ordered to be printed. These manuscripts are, six of Epicurus, entitled *On Nature*. Another is by Philodemus; its title is *On Anger*. The eighth wants both the title and the name of the author. It treats of nature and the worship of the gods. The next four are almost entirely explained; but they have not yet been transmitted, because Mr. Hayter and the abbe Foti, of the order of St. Basil, jointly are to superintend their publication. The abbe Foti has first to collate the copies with the originals, to supply what is necessary, and to translate. Mr. Hayter collates after him, alters what he thinks proper in the supplements and translations, and delivers the copy to M. Foti, to be again transcribed. The delay occasioned by Mr. Hayter in his labours, is the reason why these manuscripts have not yet been sent either to the academy or the minister. Their titles are as follow: one on logic, entitled *On the Strength of Arguments drawn from Analogy*; *Treatise on Vices and the contrary Virtues*; *On Death*. These three works are by Philodemus. The author of the fourth is Polistratus; *On unreasonable Contempt*; that is, of those who despise unjustly what others commend. This manuscript is the least damaged, and many passages of it are absolutely untouched. The other *haphyri* are in great part by Philodemus; they treat of rhetoric, of poetry, and of morality. The publication of these manuscripts cannot take place with all the expedition that could be wished, as the originals are to be engraved before they are presented to the public. This process requires much time and money, and the want of the latter will considerably retard the publication. M. Rosini, bishop of Puzzuoli, to whom the public is indebted for the fragment of Philodemus on Music, is the person appointed by the court of Naples to superintend the engraving and the publication of these manuscripts.

Mr. Prince Hoare, foreign secretary to the British Royal Academy, who has been for a considerable time collecting materials for a general history of the fine arts, will shortly publish an *Essay on National Cultivation of the Arts of Design*, in part preliminary to his grand design, and in part applicable to the circumstances of the present state of the arts in England.

The following publications are mentioned in the latest accounts from England.

Dr. Beddoes is preparing for the press an *Almanack of Health*.

Mr. Bonnycastle, well known for several useful mathematical works, has published a treatise on *Trigonometry*.

There is expected a new translation of *Juvenal*, from Mr. Hodson, of King's college, Cambridge.

Travels through Germany and Italy, by Mr. Lemaistre, has just been published in London.

A fourth volume of the *Munimenta Antiqua*, by Mr. King, is almost ready for publication.

A posthumous work of the late Mr. Strutt, with his life prefixed, is in the press.

Mr. Kidd proposes to publish a new edition of *Homer*, with collations of many manuscripts never before examined.

A work of recent *Travels through Great Britain and Ireland*, by M. Goede, has lately appeared in Germany, and has excited great attention. It is said to abound in the most enlightened views, and to contain the most accurate information relative to these kingdoms, and to be written in a style which cannot fail to merit an English translation. The last foreign work on the state of England was by Archenholz.

Mr. John Anstey is preparing to publish a complete edition of the works of his deceased father, with memoirs of his life.

The Rev. C. Wywill will shortly lay before the public a sixth volume of political papers, comprising the correspondence of several distin-

guished persons on the subject of parliamentary reform.

A Greek-English Derivative Dictionary is preparing for the press, showing in English characters the Greek originals of such words in the English language as are derived from the Greek, and comprising correct explanations, from the approved lexicographers, of the meaning of each word.

The Rev. Job Orton's Letters, which have been some time in the press, will be published in a few days. The collection being larger than was expected, will, with his life, make two volumes.

Brigade major Reide has just completed a new edition of his Treatise on the Duty of Infantry Officers, and an Elucidation of the present System of Military discipline. The same gentleman has lately published the ninth edition of the Treatise on Military Finance, in which is detailed many official documents relative to the pay and allowances of the British army.

The second volume of the interesting Memoirs of Maria Antoinette, queen of France, by her foster-brother, M. Weber, will make its appearance speedily. It will contain the history of the three grand periods of the revolution, including an affecting recital of the sufferings of that unfortunate woman. The volume will be enriched with some very superior copper-plates.

A practical Treatise on the Game at Billiards, has been recently composed by a distinguished amateur, and will speedily be given to the world.

An Introduction to the Game of Chess will soon be published, containing upwards of 100 examples of games, including the whole of Philidor's Analysis, with copious selections from Stamma, the Calabrois, &c., &c. The instructions for learners, and the arrangement of the work, will be entirely new, and will render a complete knowledge of that scientific and fashionable game perfectly easy of attainment.

Mr. Belfour, who published, some time since, his Imitations of the *Fabulas Literarias* of Don Tomas de Yriarte, has translated into English verse *La Musica*, an admirable didactic poem, in five cantos, which he intends speedily to commit to the press.

A Translation of the *Tratado Historico sobre el Origen y Progresos de la Comedia y del Histrionesmo en Espana*, par Don Cosiano Pellicer, by Robert Watson Wade, Esq., M. R. I. A., is nearly finished, and will shortly appear.

Mr. Bigland has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, *Letters on Natural History*. The object of this work is to exhibit a view of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, so eminently displayed in the formation of the universe, and the various relations of utility which inferior beings have to the human species. It is calculated particularly for the use of schools, and for youth in general of both sexes, and will be illustrated by upwards of one hundred engraved subjects. The same writer has recently published a second edition of his *Letters on Ancient and Modern History*, in octavo, which forms a handsome library-book, with an elegant engraving of the author.

A new and complete edition of the Works of the celebrated Franklin will, in two volumes octavo, speedily make its appearance. It will embrace not only all that is contained in former editions, but likewise much new matter transmitted expressly for the work from America. Besides a correct likeness of the venerable philosopher, it will contain eight engravings of scientific subjects, executed by Mr. Lowry.

The book-makers have not failed to make speedy and ample use of the life and death of lord Nelson. Among a great number of publications on the subject, nothing solid, authentic, and well digested has yet appeared. The painters, sculptors, poets, and musical composers are

all zealously employed on the same lucrative subject.

Mr. Davy, Mr. Henry, and other English chemists, have repeated the processes of Pachiani, respecting the muriatic acid, but without success; of course there is reason to doubt whether this acid has yet been reduced to any constituent principles.

Mr. Northmore has lately given an account of some experiments on the remarkable effects which take place in the gases, by change in their habitudes, or elective attractions, when mechanically compressed.—From two points of hydrogen, and the same quantities of oxygen and nitrogen compressed in a glass receiver of three cubic inches and a half, water, and probably nitrous acid, were obtained. From carbonic acid gas and hydrogen, the result was a watery vapour, and a gas of rather an offensive smell. Upon the condensation of two points of nitrogen, it assumed an orange red-colour; three of oxygen were added, which caused the colour to disappear, though at first it seemed rather deeper. A moist vapour, coating the inside of the receiver, arose upon the compression of the two parts of hydrogen, which moisture was strongly acid to the taste; it coloured litmus, and, when very much diluted with water, it acted upon silver.

Dr. Trotter has lately proposed methods, (1) of preventing the formation of noxious airs in mines; and (2) for removing them when formed. To attain the first object, he proposes that mines should be well ventilated; that there should be no stagnated water in them, and no chips of wood nor horse-dung should be allowed to mix with the water that may become stagnant. To destroy fire-damp, he employs strong acids in a state of vapour. The vapour seizes the hydrogen, water is recomposed; but the caloric disengaged during the combination of the oxygen and hydrogen converts it into steam, so that it is not seen in a condensed state. To

remove the choak-damp, the use of water is recommended, by means of a common fire engine. The tube being directed to the spot where the damp is known to lie, the water will take up the whole, and will then taste acidulous; lights will burn, and animals breathe, in the place whence the vapour was dislodged. Quicklime mixed with water would render it more efficacious.

Mr. Robert Bancks has simplified the construction of a graphometer for measuring the angles of crystals: the instrument generally used consists of a semicircle, and a pair of compasses or legs, having their centre in the centre of a semicircle, but capable of having their points drawn back so as to admit of their application to any small crystals. The arc of the semi-circle is divided into two quadrants by a hinge, so that one part may be turned back out of the way of the mineral, which may require to be brought up towards the centre for admeasurement; and the same arc can be afterwards restored to its place, to show the degree and fraction of the angle. By Mr. Bancks' improvement this joint is avoided, and he obtains a much firmer framing by making the arc in the form of a protractor, having a hollow centre and a stud both lying in the direction of that diameter, which terminates the graduations.

The Prussian government has lately ordered a prize medal to be struck, for the purpose of promoting vaccine inoculation. The value of the gold one is fifty ducats, and the silver one weighs eight ounces. On one side is a bust of the king, with this circumscription: "*Fredericus Wilhelmus Rex Pater Patriæ.*" The reverse contains a cow, carrying the goddess of health through the sea, and is represented as just reaching the shore. The circumscription is "*In te suprema salus.*"

Dr. Gall has met with the same flattering reception at Copenhagen, as at Jena, Berlin, Dresden, and other cities in Germany. He has read two courses of lectures on his

craniology, during which he exhibited two remarkable skulls, viz. the skull of bishop Absalom (which is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at Copenhagen), and that of general Wurmser. In both these the organ of courage was very distinctly marked; but no trace of it was discoverable in that of Axlinger the poet. A cast of bishop Absalom's bust has been taken. Dr. Gall intends to pay a visit to the anatomists at Paris, before he publishes his long expected system.

M. Sylvester de Sacy is now at Genoa, where he is employed in investigating all the antique monuments of Liguria, and particularly in examining the manuscripts which relate to the public institutions of that country, and the trade of Genoa to the Levant.

Mr. Humboldt is safely arrived in Berlin, where he intends to arrange and prepare for publication the numerous and most important observations he had made during his late travels in America. They are expected to make ten volumes in quarto.

The second part of Mr. Reuss' *Gelehrte England*, with its supplement and continuation, from 1790 to 1803, has lately been published at Berlin. This interesting publication contains an account of living British authors, and of their works, chiefly abridged from the annual work entitled *Public Characters*.

Dr. Struve has contrived an apparatus to show by means of galvanism whether the appearance of death be real. This will be esteemed a discovery of considerable importance, by those who reflect on the satisfaction which recovery from apparent death must give to the friends of the individual supposed to be dead.

The Russian circumnavigator, captain Krusenstern, who, after his return from a voyage round the world, had conveyed the Russian ambassador Rasanow to Japan, is, after remaining seven months in that country, returned to Kamtschatka.

Dr. Gauss, of Brunswick, has communicated to the Gottingen Society the result of his observations of the new planet Harding, or Juno, and the elements of its orbit, calculated from his own observations, and those of Messrs. Zach and Olbers.

M. Giesecke, a Prussian mineralogist, who has been a considerable time at Copenhagen, is about to be employed by government on a voyage to Greenland, where he is to pass some years in examining that country, its mineralogy and geology. Hitherto the Moravian religious missionaries have alone been able to resolve to live some years in that country for the conversion of the natives: it will be no little honour to the sciences, if M. Giesecke shall bring himself to make a like sacrifice for their advancement.

M. Canova, the celebrated sculptor, is engaged in erecting at Vienna a splendid mausoleum of the archduchess Christina, an immense composition of eight marble figures, larger than life, the models and execution of which have been long admired at Rome, where they were formed. M. Canova, before his departure from Rome, exhibited a colossal group, representing Theseus combating with a centaur. This group is to be executed in marble for the city of Milan. The artists and connoisseurs of Rome seem to esteem this work superior to every other which has been executed by this ingenious and indefatigable artist.

According to the report of the minister of public instruction, there is at present in Russia 494 institutions for education, directed by 1435 masters, and attended by 33,474 scholars. The expence of these establishments costs government annually almost two millions of roubles. Among these are not reckoned those for the corps of cadets, or for pages, the academy of arts, the schools of commerce, nor the institution for female education. Those who know the state in which Russian education was at the accession of Alexander,

may judge by this detail what he has done towards enlightening his vast empire.

M. Sessken has lately, after much labour, supplied the observatory of Lilienthal with two mirrors of fifteen feet focus, and eleven inches aperture. They bear the magnifying power of 2000 on proper subjects.

Robertson, the celebrated aeronaut, who ascended from Petersburg last year, is endeavouring to obtain the necessary assistance at that place for the construction of an air-balloon on a very large scale; he proposes that it shall be 732 feet in diameter, which he calculates will carry up 37 ton, and which he supposes, therefore, will easily support 50 people, and all necessary accommodations for them. It is to have attached to it a vessel furnished with masts, sails, and every other article requisite for navigating the sea in case of accidents, and provided with a cabin for the aeronauts, properly fitted up, galley for cooking, proper stores for stowing provisions, and several other conveniences. To render the ascent more safe, it is to take up another smaller balloon within it, and a parachute, which will render the descent perfectly gentle, if the outer balloon bursts. From its construction it will be calculated to remain in the air several weeks.

The catalogue of the Leipsic fair has this year contained two sheets more than usual. The musical publications have been added to it. It contains 3647 articles, furnished by 380 booksellers. The number of romances is 271, of theatrical pieces 81, and music 95.

M. Schonberger, of Vienna, one of the first landscape painters of the age, has recently been engaged in a tour of the most picturesque parts of Switzerland and Italy. His productions are principally distinguished for the happy arrangement of the objects, for the effects of the perspective, and the beauty of the colouring. This able artist is as well known in France as in Germany, by his beautiful pieces, in the

exhibition of 1804. These were, a View of the Environs of Baïæ, near Naples, at sun-rise; the Fall of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen; and the Cascades of Tivoli, by moon-light: performances in which the touch and the native graces of Claude le Lorain were discoverable.

A curious bronze bas-relief of a boy riding on a dolphin, discovered at Colchester, has been exhibited before the Society of Antiquarians, at one of their late meetings. At another meeting, several silver coins of Edward III, and two Roman copper coins (one of Claudius), were exhibited. The latter were found in the bed of the Thames, opposite Sion-house, near Kew. The drawings of paintings discovered in repairing the walls of St. Stephen's chapel were also displayed. They are about three feet by two, and consist of several persons around a table in one compartment; in the other, of three female figures, with an *aureola*, indicative of their saintship. Both the male and female countenances have the air of Normans.

The following is a method of preparing a luminous bottle, which will give sufficient light during the night to admit of the hour being easily seen on the dial of a watch: "A phial of clear white glass, of a long form, should be chosen, and some fine olive oil should be heated to ebullition in another vessel. A bit of phosphorus, the size of a pea, should be thrown into a phial, and the boiling oil carefully poured over it, till the phial is one third filled. The phial must now be carefully corked, and, when it is to be used, it should be unstopped, to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the phial will then appear luminous, and give as much light as a dull ordinary lamp. Each time that the light disappears, on removing the stopper it will instantly re-appear. In cold weather the bottle should be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial thus prepared may be used every night for six months.

Messrs. Fourcroy and Vauquelin have discovered a new inflammable and detonating substance, formed by the action of the nitric acid upon indigo and the animal matters. They are satisfied that the detonating property of their newly-discovered substance is owing neither to the presence of the nitric acid, nor to that of ammoniac. Concentrated sulphuric acid disengaged from it no acid vapour; caustic potash no ammoniac vapour. Indigo, they say, is not the only substance which furnishes detonating matter: the muscular fibre treated by nitric acid, presents the same phenomena; and it is probable that silk, wool, and other animal and vegetable matters containing azote may yield it likewise. From the several experiments made on this subject, they infer (1) that the benzoic acid can be formed from its constituent principles, which was not before known; (2) that the animal and vegetable substances containing azote, through the agency of the nitric acid, which separates from them carbon, hydrogen, and azote, give rise to a substance supersaturated with oxygen, which communicates to it the detonating property. This substance appears to be a super-oxygenated hydro-carburet of azote.

The sixth volume of the General Biographical Dictionary, by Dr. Aikin, Mr. Morgan, &c., which had met with a temporary delay, is gone to the press. It is conducted by the same writers with those of the preceding volumes; but the Spanish and Portuguese literary biography will be given more at large by a gentleman peculiarly acquainted with that department.

Professor Scott, of Aberdeen, is preparing a work for the press, entitled *Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, or an Analysis of the Powers of the Human Understanding*, tending to ascertain the Principles of Rational Logic.

The long-expected tour of Colonel Thornton through various parts of France, a splendid work, which has been nearly three years in hand,

is now nearly ready for publication. It will be comprised in two volumes, imperial quarto, illustrated by about eighty beautiful engravings in colours, by Mr. Scott and other artists, from original drawings, descriptive of the country, customs, and manners of the people, taken by the ingenious Mr. Bryant, who accompanied the colonel expressly for that purpose. This tour was performed during the cessation of hostilities, toward the conclusion of the year 1802, and the route was entirely different from that usually taken by English travellers. Colonel Thornton is the most arrant, or, if you will, the most celebrated sportsman now alive, and has already published a quarto tour in Scotland, in the pure sporting style. To the sportsman, therefore, this new work cannot fail to prove highly gratifying, as we have no account whatever of the state of sporting in that country. Another edition of the work will appear at the same time in royal quarto, with the plates uncoloured.

Miss Edgeworth has just published a new work, in two volumes, entitled *Leonora*.

Rev. Israel Worsley, who has lately escaped from France, is about to publish in one volume, small octavo, an *Account of the State of France and its Government during the last Three Years*, particularly as it has Relation to the Belgic Provinces, and the Treatment of the English.

The Croonian Lecture for the present season has been read at two of the meetings of the Royal Society, London, by Mr. Carlisle. The subject was, "The Power and particular Structure of the Muscles of Fishes." After several minute physiological explanations of the nature and peculiar structure of the muscles of fishes, and their invariable insertion in fleshy instead of tendinous matter, he proceeded to detail his experiments on their power and particular use, in enabling the animal to move with rapidity through a fluid so dense as water. He ascertained that the muscles of the sides are solely

those by means of which the fish advances: that the pectoral and abdominal fins serve only to raise or lower, and balance it in the water.

Dr. Wollaston, secretary of the Royal Society, has read the Bakerian Lecture, "On the Force of Percussion."

On the 22d of October, at three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Huth, of Frankfort on the Oder, discovered a comet in the hindmost foot of the Great-Bear, westly betwixt the stars γ and ξ . It was scarcely visible to the naked eye, but might be seen with a common telescope. In size and brightness it resembles the great nebulous spot in Andromeda, except that it was almost circular. At four o'clock its right-ascension was about $166^{\circ} 30'$, its declination about $30^{\circ} 40'$; and about five o'clock the former $166^{\circ} 32'$, and the latter $33^{\circ} 32'$: consequently its course is southerly, and somewhat westerly; and it seems to proceed towards the region of Denebola. When magnified 350 times, it did not shew any nucleus. The same comet was discovered by professor Bode at the Berlin Observatory, on the 23d October, between two and three o'clock in the morning, westerly at Q of the Great-Bear, right-ascension $174^{\circ} 25'$, and $27^{\circ} 40'$ N. declination.

Mr. Villiers, the author of the "Essay on the Reformation of Luther," has received, in consequence of that work, the degree of doctor from the university of Gottingen.

In the electoral library at Munich have been discovered the Four Gospels, and a Liturgy of the eleventh century, in small folio, on fine white parchment, written in a beautiful distinct character, and in the highest state of preservation. They are very splendidly bound, and ornamented with precious stones and pearls: the clasps are of gold, and they are lettered on the back with ivory.

M. Esmenard, author of a poem intitled Navigation, has received from the marquis Lucchesini, the Prussian minister at Paris, the golden medal of the Berlin Academy.

At Berlin is established a German Lutheran Academy for the instruction of the natives of Sierra-Leona, the expences of which are paid by remittances from England. The institution is already attended by twelve pupils, most of them handicraftsmen. They are instructed in various departments of learning, besides the arts of preaching and catechising.

Two charts, illustrative of the country near the southern streams of the Mississippi, are preparing by M. De Moisiere, who resides on a part of the land which he professes to delineate and describe. One of them contains the country lying between New Orleans and the Bay of St. John, exhibiting the fortifications, suburbs, and other remarkable circumstances. The other is a view of the city of New Orleans and its environs.

From a trial made by M. M. Pauli and Lemerrier, at Paris, on the 20th of October, they appear to have found out means to direct or steer air-balloons. Before they ascended, they showed the machinery, by means of which they moved the wings attached to the balloon, and the rudder resembling the tail of a bird. On first rising from the ground, there was a gentle east wind; they were driven before it for some time; but they soon began to work against the wind, and to laveer, but very slowly. After a voyage of five hours, they descended at Denouville, near Chartres, with the agreeable conviction that they had succeeded in their attempt.

Mr. Francis Pacchiani, professor of natural philosophy at Florence, has discovered the constituent principles of muriatic acid, which had hitherto escaped the researches of every chemist. It is an oxid of hydrogen, perhaps at its lowest degree of oxygenation. He forms it at pleasure, and consequently the accuracy of his statement cannot be doubted.

A distinguished man of science at Naples has published an account of a visit he paid to Pompeii since

the late researches ordered by the queen of Naples. The principal particulars of his statement are as follow: "In a search begun about seven years ago was discovered the capital of a pilaster, which was suspected to be the lateral front of a grand portico. Last winter the works were resumed at that place, and the corresponding pilaster was found. The brass hinges of the door have been removed to the museum of Portici. The habitation into which it leads is large and commodious, and richly ornamented with paintings and mosaic-work. The building is formed of square stones, so nicely fitted and cemented, that the whole would be taken for a single mass. The passage which serves for the entrance is twelve palms long, and ten wide. It leads to a court, the walls of which are covered with stucco of various colours. The capitals and cornices are in good preservation; and I there observed a rose, which is a master-piece both of design and execution. All the apartments are decorated with beautiful paintings on a red, blue, and yellow ground. You there see likewise detached columns, with flowers, candelabras, and ornaments, in the best style. To the left are two apartments, which were probably those of the master and mistress. The painter gave a free scope to his imagination in all the pictures, which I beheld with inexpressible delight. Nothing can be more pleasing, among others, than a dance of persons in masks; and nothing more graceful than a little bird pecking at a basket of figs. In the centre of the court is a cistern, the *impluvium* of the Romans. On a marble pedestal is a young Hercules seated on a hind of bronze. These two pieces, one of which weighs about twenty pounds; and the other forty, are of the most finished workmanship. The water fell from the mouth of the hind into a beautiful couch of Grecian marble. Behind the pedestal was a table, the yellow feet of which represent the claws of an eagle. These perfect

works have likewise been conveyed to the museum. A lateral corridor on the right leads to a second court, which was surrounded by piazzas, as is proved by the octagonal columns covered with stucco. In one of the apartments are observed two Bacchantes holding *thyrsi*. Above the window, to the right, is a painting of Europa, of great beauty: she is quite naked, and is seated on the bull, which is plunging into the sea. Beneath is a young man carrying a basket of fruits: he is raising himself on tiptoe; and this attitude required of the artist a strongly marked expression of the muscular system. On the opposite side a beautiful female dancer excites admiration: she is holding and striking two cymbals: her veil, which floats behind her, produces a very fine effect. On proceeding into the adjoining hall, the first thing that struck me was a magnificent pavement of the most precious African marbles. The ceiling represents Venus between Mars and Cupid. In this hall were found a small idol of bronze, a gold vase weighing three ounces, a gold coin, and twelve others of copper, with the effigy of Vespasian. In the hall to the left, fragments of pictures, painted on wood, half carbonized, were distinguishable: they were inclosed in a kind of niches: this was the bed chamber; eight little columns by which it was supported may still be seen: they are of bronze, and to their summits still adhere some pieces of gilded wood, which probably formed a canopy. On the lateral wall were painted two priests with long beards, and clothed in robes of blue and green: they have been removed to the museum. The kitchen contained a great quantity of utensils, mostly of iron inlaid with silver with inconceivable perfection. But what most struck me were five candelabras painted in fresco on a ground of an extremely brilliant yellow: I scarcely knew how to leave the room which contained this master-piece of taste and elegance: they are supported by small figures, whose attitude,

dress, and drapery, are so exquisitely graceful, that they might serve as models to all the belles in the world. In this house, as in most others of the ancients, you find no window opening towards the street. I was struck with the fragments of a chariot which is still remaining in the coach-house: you may perfectly distinguish the wheels and the brass ornaments of the chariot itself. Close to this habitation is seen a door that conducts to another, and which, to judge by its exterior, will not furnish fewer beauties, whenever it shall be permitted to be opened."

The Russian government purposes to form at Petersburg an institution, whose object is the improvement of every thing connected with the naval service, and which will be denominated the Museum of the Marine. This institution will not be merely a school: lessons will be given in all the sciences necessary for a naval officer; and the museum will besides publish a journal treating on every subject relative to the marine. It is to possess a library, and a cabinet of natural history, which will be continually open to the pupils. This establishment will be under the direction of the minister of the marine; and its members will wear a uniform similar to that of the navy.

A very important work on Siberia and the contiguous countries is shortly expected to appear at Petersburg, in the French language, from the pen of M. Delaunay, counsellor of state.

One of the most intimate friends of Winkelmann, the celebrated German antiquary, named Berendis, lately deceased, left among his papers several letters of that celebrated man. These have been published by Gothe, who has added various pieces of his own composition, in which he endeavours to place the character of Winkelmann in a new light as a writer and as a man, by delineating him in the most remarkable circumstances of his life.—Counsellor Wolfe, of Halle, has enriched this volume with a very cu-

rious piece on the literary and philological studies of Winkelmann. Lastly, professor Meyer has contributed a well-written History of the Arts in the last Century, which concludes the work, to which Gothe has thought fit to give the title of "Winkelmann and his Age."

A valuable discovery for the lovers of antiques has recently been made in the vicinity of Havre, in France. In digging on the Cape of La Heve, a black stone was discovered, perfectly square, and the polish of which has been extremely well preserved. On five of its sides are incrustated the iron heads of lances and javelins. A sixth is covered with hieroglyphics, among which is distinguished a Latin inscription in Gothic characters, many of the letters of which are effaced, and which may serve to exercise the sagacity of the curious. This stone sounds hollow, and contains about 120 cubic feet.

The following letter, dated from the port of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka, the 24th of August, 1804, has been received from an officer in the Russian expedition under M. de Krusenstern:—"On the 6th of May we perceived Hood's Island, and about noon of the same day Riou's Island, which form a part of the group called Marquesas, which the French navigator M. Marchand has denominated the islands of the revolution. That which is considered the largest of them received from him the appellation of Baux, but in the language of the country it is called Nukahiwah. On the 7th one of our ships, the Nadeshda, made that island: the natives immediately came on board in crowds, and appeared highly delighted at our visit: we observed among them an Englishman and a Frenchman, who have been naturalized in the country. About noon our vessel came to an anchor in the gulph of Anna-Maria, and the next day went on shore. After viewing the country, we thought fit to pay a visit to the chief of these savages. The women of this island are all ex-

cessively ugly; but this proceeds rather from the disproportion of their limbs than the coarseness of their features: they generally go naked, their whole dress consisting of a few leaves rudely sewed together, with which they cover the parts of generation. Nature, who has been so niggardly of her favours to the women, seems, by a singular caprice, to have lavished them all on the men: these savages are of a noble stature, and perfect proportions, and we met with none who was either diminutive or deformed: their dress is very extraordinary; they make use of none excepting for the head, the arms, and the legs, the other parts of the body being entirely naked. Their food is the bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, fish, pork, and even human flesh: these islanders devour not only their prisoners of war, and the enemies whom they have killed, but even their wives and children in times of scarcity. Their arms are slings, lances, and clubs made of the wood of the *casuarina*. The Englishman, whom we had on board, and who appears to have resided a considerable time among these cannibals, warned us not to place too great confidence in their apparent joy. As nature seems to have made ample provision for their ordinary wants, they spend their time in feasting and drinking: they, however, manifested great solicitude to serve us. They use the skin of the whale for making a kind of drum, which is their national music. Their chief or king, whose name is Tabeka Ketenué, exercises no authority over them; but he and his family are considered as inviolable: they pay him a heavy tribute on their fishery, because they look upon him as the master of the ocean. They worship a certain god called Atua, who is nothing more than the corpse of their high-priest; for as soon as he dies his body undergoes various operations: after it has been cleansed and washed with cocoa-nut oil, it is exposed to the air to dry, and then embalmed: it is then wrapped in

skins sewed together, and deposited in the place consecrated to this purpose: they sacrifice to him their prisoners of war, whose flesh they devour with great avidity. The 8th of June the *Nadeshda* arrived at the island of Owhyhee, the inhabitants of which are much more industrious than those of the *Marquesas*, but they are less handsome. On the 15th of this month we arrived at the port of St. Peter and St. Paul. The number of the *Kamtshadales* has diminished exceedingly, in consequence of epidemic diseases, which have made dreadful ravages among them. During our residence in these parts our crews opened a subscription for the erection of an hospital, which soon amounted to the sum of four thousand rubles."

By a calculation of ten years from the 1st of January, 1791, to the 31st of December, 1800, it appears that the average number of deaths at Vienna was 14,600; out of which were 835 children of the small-pox. In 1801, the period in which vaccination began to be introduced, out of 15,101, only 164 children fell victims to the small-pox; in 1802, out of 14,522, only 61; in 1803, out of 14,383, but 27; and in 1804, out of 14,035, no more than 2.

A disease of a very extraordinary nature has appeared among the labourers in a coal-mine at Anzain, near Valenciennes, the cause of which appears to be confined to a single shaft in that mine. The face and the whole body assume a very dark yellow colour, and the patient falls into a state of languor and exhaustion, in which he lingers several months, sometimes more than a year, when death generally supervenes. Four men who had been thus affected more than eight months were removed to the hospital of the School of Medicine at Paris. The characteristic symptoms they exhibited were, a universal discolouration, swelling, inability to walk without oppression, palpitations, and habitual perspiration. One of these poor men fell a

victim to the malady. M. Halle, on opening his body, was particularly struck with the absence of blood in almost every part; and this he justly considers as one of the most remarkable circumstances of the disease. The mode of treatment adopted with respect to the others, after this discovery, was more successful. The first indications of this favourable change appeared in the projection of the blood-vessels. At the period when M. Halle drew up the above statement, the three labourers had almost entirely recovered, and their skin had resumed nearly its natural colour.

The chevalier Canova, the celebrated sculptor, has gone from Rome to Vienna to erect the monument of the archduchess Christina, an immense composition of eight marble figures, larger than life, the models and the execution of which have long been objects of admiration at Rome. Before his departure M. Canova exhibited to the public the model of a colossal group, representing the combat of Theseus and a Centaur. This group is to be executed in marble for Milan.

The following details relative to the arts at Rome are given by one of the most distinguished scientific men of that city.—“We cannot boast of many literary productions; but, to make amends, great pains are taken for clearing, cleansing, and better preserving, the ancient monuments of architecture. His holiness has greatly promoted this part of the art, one of the most interesting of antiquity. The architect and the antiquary will acquire new subjects of erudition, and new works and new engravings will be rendered necessary. The work of Desgodetz, a new edition of which is about to be published by M. Carlo Fea, will derive an immense advantage from these labours and will become almost entirely new. How different from what we have been accustomed to behold it, will appear that celebrated Pantheon, hitherto almost unknown, though the most

beautiful of ancient edifices, and in the best preservation. The Flavian Amphitheatre, or Coliseum, will be cleansed, and the public will have access to it, as to a museum.—The temple of the Sybil at Tivoli has been repaired; and the two arches of Septimius Severus and of Constantine have been cleared of the earth which covered them. The column of Antoninus has been cleaned, and is no longer covered with dust. The supposed temple of Vesta at Rome, on the Tiber, as well as the neighbouring one of *Fortuna Virilis*, will be cleared of the rubbish in which they have been as it were buried; and the interior of them will be cleansed. Thus, by the exertions of his holiness, ancient Rome will be exposed to view, and modern Rome will be embellished. Nor has the holy father forgotten the most celebrated of the modern buildings, the small circular temple erected in 1502, after the designs of the illustrious Bramante Lazzeri, under the auspices of Ferdinand the catholic, king of Spain. It fell into ruins some years since, not from age, but in consequence of the late troubles. It was sold, in order that its precious materials might be removed: but his holiness has resolved to repair it in a style of great elegance. In a short time M. Carlo Fea will speak of all these new undertakings in the second volume of his *Miscellanies*, which he has particularly devoted to what relates to the researches now carrying on, exclusive of what will be said in his *Illustrations of Desgodetz*. M. Guattani will likewise treat of them in a new *Journal* which M. Carlo Fea is about to undertake. The former gentleman is at present engaged on the *Sequel to the Unpublished Monuments*, in which will be found many interesting particulars. The museum of the illustrious cardinal Borgia has passed into hands by which it will not be neglected. His nephew, the present possessor, is a man of information, and has a deep sense of the glory which the cardinal acquired for his family by this unique collec-

tion. He continues the engravings which his uncle intended to have executed from drawings of the most remarkable objects in the museum. He has communicated the Mexican manuscript to M. Von Humboldt, and has permitted him to make use of it for his work: but he is thwarted in his noble designs by the pretensions of the *Propaganda*. The cardinal made that society his heir, but bequeathed the museum and other legacies to his family. He unfortunately made use of the expression, "My museum which is at Velletri;" and the *Propaganda* claim a right to every thing that happened to be at Rome at the moment of the cardinal's death, though the articles incontestibly formed a part of the museum. By a second fatality, the Coptic instruments, of which M. Zoega has just completed the description, were among the objects that had been brought to Rome. This important work cannot, therefore, be published till after the decision of the process, unless the two parties come to a previous arrangement.—Two learned Sicilians, the chevaliers Landolini and Serrini, have resided for some time at Rome. The former, who has evinced such zeal for the antiquities of his country, is still engaged in researches at the theatre of Syracuse; and we are indebted to him for the recent discovery of two fine statues, an *Æsculapius* and a *Venus*, which, however, is not so beautiful as has been asserted. He is at this moment writing a memoir on some inscriptions found at the theatre of Syracuse. The chevalier Sirini is endeavouring to dispose of his collection of volcanic productions; and is preparing for a tour in the north."

A new thermometer has been invented for registering the highest and lowest temperatures in the absence of the observer, which is said to be a more simple, as well as a less expensive instrument than Six's thermometer. It consists in two thermometers, one mercurial, and the other of alcohol, having their

stems horizontal. The former has for its index a small piece of magnetical steel wire, and the latter a minute thread of glass, having its two ends formed into small knobs by fusion in the flame of a candle. The magnetical bit of wire lies in the vacant space of the mercurial thermometer, and is pushed forward by the mercury whenever the temperature rises and pushes that fluid against it; but when the temperature falls, and the fluid retires, this index is left behind, and shows the *maximum*. The other index, or bit of glass, lies in the tube of the spirit-thermometer immersed in the alcohol, and when the spirit retires by the depression of the temperature, the index is carried along with it in apparent contact with its interior surface; but on increase of temperature the spirit goes forward and leaves the index behind, which therefore shows the *minimum* of temperature since it was set. The steel index is easily brought to the mercury by applying a magnet on the outside of the tube, and the other is properly placed at the end of the column of alcohol by inclining the whole instrument.

On Sunday, the 8th of December, about six o'clock in the evening, Mr. Firminger, the able and indefatigable assistant at the royal observatory, Greenwich, discovered a comet in the constellation *Aquarius*. To the naked eye its appearance was similar to a star of the first magnitude when covered by a cloud, through which it might be faintly seen; or rather like what Jupiter would appear under similar circumstances; but when viewed through a night-glass, it appeared to have a bright nucleus surrounded by a coma. As it was approaching the meridian, Mr. F. found that its light was sufficiently strong to enable him to illuminate the wires in the focus of the telescope, so as to observe its passage with great accuracy. The mean time of its transit was 6h. 24' 7'', with right ascension, 11s. 23° 6' 49'', and south declination 23° 41' 8''. Dr. Herschel observed the

same comet at Slough, about the same time that it was discovered by Mr. Firminger.

Mr. John Mann, of Bradford, has invented a musical instrument, upon an entirely new construction, which he calls the orchestrino. Its outward appearance resembles the grand horizontal piano-forte; but the brilli-

ant power, and richness of its tones, stand unrivalled by any stringed instrument played with keys: it has the power of retaining the sound for any length of time, in the manner of the organ; and its tones have the effect of violins, violas, and violoncellos together.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.

"NOW come to me, my little page,
Of wit sae wond'rous sly!
Ne'er under flower o' youthful age
Did mair destruction lie.

"I'll dance and rêvel wi' the rest,
Within the castle rare;
Yet he sall rue the drearie feast,
Bot and his lady fair.

"For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine
Wi' juice o' poppy flowers;
Nae maer he'll see the morning shine
Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers.

"For he has twain'd my love and me,
The maid o' mickle scorn;
She'll welcome wi' a tearfu' e'e
Her widowhood the morn.

"And saddle weel my milk-white steed;
Prepare my harness bright!
Giff I can make my rival bleed,
I'll ride awa' this night."

"Now haste ye, master, to the ha',
The guests are drinking there;
Kirkpatrick's pride shall be but sma'
For a' his lady fair.

* * * * *

In came the merry minstresly;
Shrill pipes wi' tinkling string,
And bagpipes, lifting melody,
Made proud Caerlaveroc ring.

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The gallant knights and ladies bright
Did move to measures fine,
Like frolic fairies jimp and light,
Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided thro' the ha',
Wi' footing swift and sure;
Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',
Whan she stood on the floor.

And some had tyres of gold sa rare,
And pendants* eight or nine,
But she, wi' but her gowden hair,
Did a' the rest outshine.

And some, wi' costly diamonds sheen,
Did warriors' hearts assail;
But she, wi' her twa sparkling e'en,
Pierc'd thro' the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand,
Wi' gay and courteous air;
No stately castle in the land
Could show sae bright a pair.

For he was young, and clear the day
Of life to youth appears.
Alas! how soon his setting ray
Was dimm'd with show'ring tears!

Fell Lindsay sicken'd at the sight,
And sallow grew his cheek;
He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,
But word he cou'd na speak.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up
On silver and on gold;
The page chose out a crystal cup
The sleepy juice to hold.

* Pendants,—jewels on the forehead.

And when Kirkpatrick call'd for wine,
This page the drink would bear;
Nor did the knight or dame divine
Sic black deceit was near.

Then every lady sung a sang,
Some gay, some sad and sweet,
Like tunefu' birds the woods amang,
Till a' began to greet.

E'en cruel Lindsay shed a tear,
Forletting malice deep;
As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,
Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight;
Now steek they ilka door;
There's nought but stillness o' the night
Where was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on,
His steed doth ready stand,
And up the staircase is he gone,
Wi' poinard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break,
He shook wi' guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyfu' shriek—
Red Cuming's ghaist was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep;
A lamp of glimmering ray
Show'd young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,
In arms o' lady gay.

He lay with bare unguarded breast,
By sleepy juice beguil'd;
And sometimes sigh'd, by dreams oppress'd,
And sometimes sweetly smil'd.

Unclos'd her mouth o' rosy hue,
Whence issu'd fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
Stray ringlets o' her hair.

"Sleep on, sleep on, ye lovers dear,
The dame may wake to weep:
And that day's sun may shine fou clear,
That spills this warrior's sleep."

He louted down, her lips he prest,
O kiss forboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast
A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair and mickle did he bleed!
His lady slept till day,

But dreamt the Firth* flow'd o'er her head,
In bride bed as she lay.

The murderer hasted down the stair,
And back'd his courser fleet;
Than did the thunder 'gin to rair,
Than shower'd the rain and sleet.

All fire fraught darter thro' the rain,
Where a' was mirk before,
And glinted o'er the raging main,
That shook the sandy shore.

But mirk and mirker grew the night,
And heavier beat the rain,
And quicker Lindsay urg'd his flight,
Some ha' or build' to gain.

Lang did he ride o'er hill and dale,
Nor mire nor flood he fear'd:
I trow his courage 'gan to fail
When morning light appear'd.

For, having hied the livelang night,
Thro' hail and heavy showers,
He faund himsel', at peep o' light,
Hard by Caerlaveroc's towers.

The castle bell was ringing out,
The ha' was all asteer,
And mony a screech and waeifu' shout
Appall'd the murderer's ear.

Now they hae bound this traitor strang,
Wi' curses and wi' blows,
And high in air they did him hang,
To feed the carrion crows.

* * * * *

"To sweet Lincluden's† haly cells
Fou dowie I'll repair;
There Peace wi' gentle Patience dwells,
Nae deadly feuds are there.

"In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' balefu' yew;
And wail the beauty that could harm
A knight sae brave and true."

—

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGIAC TRIBUTE TO PARENTAL
TENDERNESS.

CHILL winter's appearance was past,
Its reign so unfeeling was done;

* Caerlaveroc stands on Solway firth.

† Lincluden abbey, near Dumfries,
on the banks of the river Cluden.

The breeze had succeeded the blast,
The twins had received the sun;
And daisies had chequer'd the scene,
Impurpled by violets in bloom,
When Eliza mov'd over the green,
And knelt by the side of a tomb.

A willow bent over her head,
The emblem of grief and despair,
Whose branches luxuriantly spread,
And hung with a sorrowful air.
She said, my lov'd parent so dear,
No tablet I need to explain,
My heart would have told me 'twas here
Its first dearest object was lain!

The bosom on which I have slept,
The arms that entwin'd me so oft,
The eyes that so frequently wept,
So sweet, so endearingly soft,
Are cold, and enclos'd in the tomb;
Unseen are the tears which I shed,
Yet here for to weep I am come;
How low lies, my parent, thy head!

Yet mine has found ease on thy breast,
When pain has invaded my frame;
When Grief's heavy hand has oppress'd,
My pillow was ever the same.
Ye tender, ye feeling of heart,
Who have writh'd beneath agony's
steel,
O say, can affliction impart
A sorrow more deep than I feel?

When we view a dear object of love
To pain or to anguish a prey,
The pangs we by sympathy prove
Make us faint and as feeble as they;
For O, when the passion is pure,
When love from pure tenderness flows,
We would die, so our deaths would im-
part
A lasting contentment to those.

But oh, when a friend of the heart
Lies pallid and panting for breath,
O say, does the view not impart
A feeling more painful than death?
Dear saint whose abode is above,
For angel in heaven thou art,
Send down from the regions of love
Relief to my agoniz'd heart!

Is it fancy that steals on my mind?
Or is it thy form that I view?
So tender the look, and so kind,
Past scenes it appears to renew.
But ah, sad reflection appears,
And tells me I'm destin'd to mourn;

The scenes which have cheated my
tears
Will never, no never return.

The friend of my youth is no more!
Yet why should I endless repine?
Her precepts I'll ever adore,
Her virtues I'll strive to make mine.
Which said, she withdrew from the
scene,
From the marble her tears had be-
dew'd,
Again she mov'd over the green,
And daily the scene was renew'd.
SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES,

Addressed to a Friend.

WHAT means this dark, depressing
gloom?
Does pain indeed thy frame consume,
And art thou hastening to the tomb,
Ere noon of life, my friend?

The characters thy fingers trac'd
Are almost by my tears effac'd,
But still I read, "My spirits waste,
My sorrows soon will end."

Yet live, and be thyself once more,
Nor let my heart thy loss deplore;
There may be blessings still in store,
For thee, my drooping friend.

Though wealth with thee did once
abound,
While friends and pleasure smil'd
around,
Dwelt happiness within the sound
Of Pleasure's voice, my friend?

Nor is it strange wealth fled from thee,
Who shar'd in tenderest sympathy
With the whole tribe of misery
Thy open purse, my friend.

And had Potosi's wealth been thine,
Or own'd thou all Asturia's mine,
It would have vanish'd, I divine,
And left thee poor, my friend.

Too well thy friends knew where to go,
Were funds or credit with them low;
Thy gen'rous heart ne'er said them no,
My dear afflicted friend.

Yet, though I want the healing art,
O do not let me wrong thy heart,
For Fortune's frowns could ne'er im-
part

A pang to that, my friend.

O no! the mind by thee possest
No trifle could deprive of rest;
Some mountain sorrow hath oppress'd
Thy feeling heart, my friend.

Methinks I see thy pallid face,
And ev'ry kindred feature trace,
While tears glide down my cheek apace,
In sympathy, my friend.

O would that I could haste to thee!
And as I've rock'd thee on my knee,
Thy tender nurse again I'd be,
And watch around my friend.

Thy home, thy sire, thy all was mine,
I shar'd in ev'ry blessing thine;
Now ill and alone thou dost repine,
Bereft of all, my friend.

Thy temples, which I oft have bound,
Now thought, corroding thought may
wound;

Oh, would that I could watch around
Thy waking couch, my friend.

And didst thou, cruel, didst thou say,
"Erect a marble o'er my clay,
On which a verse of thine pourtray,
My sympathizing friend."

Yet live, and be thyself once more,
Nor let thy friends thy loss deplore;
There may be blessings still in store
For thee, my drooping friend.

Oh, if his will who reigns on high,
Live, and before thee let me die;
And be my grave, where'er I lie,
Mark'd out by thee, my friend.

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Written in the Prospect of Death.

THOU dearest object of my soul on
earth,
Thou kind young sharer of my joys
and woe,

Forgive, while here I pour my sorrows
forth,
Ere life's last current from its fountain
flow.

The hour arrives with Heaven's su-
preme behest,
Advancing death in awful pomp I see,
Disease slow writhes within my trou-
bled breast,
And past are all the joys of life with
me.

Farewell, ye pleasing scenes of fond de-
light;

Farewell, ye hopes that promis'd once
so well,

Ye charms that shot through my enrap-
tur'd sight,

Ye days of peace, ye nights of bliss,
farewell.

No more with thee the drowsy town
I'll leave,

To tread the dews, and breathe the
sweets of morn,

Or fondly wish the dear returning eve,
To meet thee blushing near the lonely
thorn.

The eyes that gaz'd, unwearied, on thy
charms,

The heart that wont, at sight of thee,
to leap,

A few short hours will finish *its* alarms,
And seal *their* orbs in everlasting sleep.

When this weak pulse hath number'd
out its date,

When all my hopes, and all my fears
are o'er,

When each young friend shall pensive
tell my fate,

And Death's black train stand mourn-
ful at my door;

Then, O Lavinia, while thy looks sur-
vey

The pale chang'd features once to
thee well known,

The limbs that flew thy dictates to obey,
The arms that oft enclasp'd thee as
their own,

Check not the tear that trembles in
thine eye,

Nor stop the sigh that struggles from
thy heart;

These are the rites for which I'd rather
die,

Than all the pomp of marble and of
art.

Lavinia! O thou dear, thou precious
name,
That opes each wound, and tears my
trembling heart,
Wilt thou vouchsafe one poor request I
claim,
To breathe one wish, one prayer ere
we part.

O round thy head may Heaven its bles-
sings strew;
May angels waft each comfort to thy
cell;
Pure be thy peace; thy tears, thy trou-
bles few;
Thou kindest, dearest, fondest friend,
farewell!

A. W——N.

Gray's Ferry, April 25, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

VERSES,

*By a young American Lady, deceased a
few years since.*

WHEN recollection bids the tear
Of deep contrition flow,
Unfolds the secret source of guilt,
And points to future woe;

When all the load of sin appears
By retrospection's smart,
When reason adds to nature's fears,
And conscience wings the dart;

Ah! what avails the gaudy glare
Of fortune's partial day?
Or what the applause of worldly fame,
That's guided by her ray?

Oh! when I'm hastening to the goal
Where, stripp'd of all disguise,
My soul appears her guilt to own
Before the great assize;

Can the vain breath of worldly fame
My boding terrors calm,
Extract the sting of death, or give
A wounded bosom balm?

Ah, no! there's no relief for sin
But in a Saviour's name;
To him I fly, and strive to bring
A heart o'erwhelm'd with shame.

Oh! then receive my contrite sighs,
Pronounce my sins forgiven;
Oh, thou! who suffer'd for my soul,
Receive that soul to Heaven!

Philadelphia.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

Tune, My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.

I.

WHAT mean those hoarse threat'nings
which mix with the gale?
Are they, Liberty, aim'd against
thee?
Will the slaves and the tyrants of Eu-
rope assail
Daring millions resolv'd to be free?
Let them mark the bold eagle of Eaton
display'd,
And the fierce Arab cower at the
sight;
Mark a small band of freemen, in ter-
ror array'd,
The dark myriads of Afric affright.

II.

Will the indolent Spaniard the combat
provoke
With the freedom-born sons of our
woods?
Have they heard, like the light'ning of
Heaven, the stroke,
When our stripes swept the Tripoline
floods?
Or will the proud Briton, though boast-
ful and vain
He rides o'er the subjugate waves?
Let them dare; we will teach the loud
boasters again
The difference 'twixt freemen and
slaves.

III.

Then through our deep forests let broad
banners wave,
And we'll keep the proud fact still
in mind,
That to us among nations, alone free
and brave,
Is the safety of Freedom confin'd.
Come on, then, ye tyrants, your threats
we despise,

And raise the war-trumpet's loud strain;
 In spite of your envy her temples shall rise!
 Will your *slaves* dare her mysteries profane?

And makes the heart with transport glow?
 'Tis woman!
 Who, of a nature more refin'd,
 Doth soften man's rude stubborn mind,
 And make him gentle, mild, and kind?
 'Tis woman!

For the Literary Magazine.

THE EXCELLENCY OF WOMAN.

WHO, in this world of care and strife,
 Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,
 As friend, companion, and as wife?
 'Tis woman!

Who, by a thousand tender wiles,
 By fond endearments, and by smiles,
 Our bosom of its grief beguiles?
 'Tis woman!

From whom do all our pleasures flow;
 Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,

When, hours of absence past, we meet,
 Say, who, enraptur'd, runs to greet
 Our glad return, with kisses sweet?
 'Tis woman!

Who, in a word, a touch, a sigh,
 The simple glancing of her eye,
 Can fill the soul with extacy?
 'Tis woman!

Eden she lost, ensnar'd to vice;
 But well has she repaid its price;
 For earth is made a paradise,
 By woman!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Martin may have his curiosity gratified by looking into the fourth volume of Hume's History. It is not necessary for us to re-print passages from a book so common.

Alonzo must excuse us from inserting his communication.

The author of "Stanzas on the Death of a Lady, by her intimate Friend," will do us a favour by sending us a new copy of the pieces which accompanied the "Stanzas;" they being destroyed by an unlucky accident.

Carlos, Ralph, and Alethea are not sufficiently correct. They may lisp in numbers, but we cannot publish their lisplings.